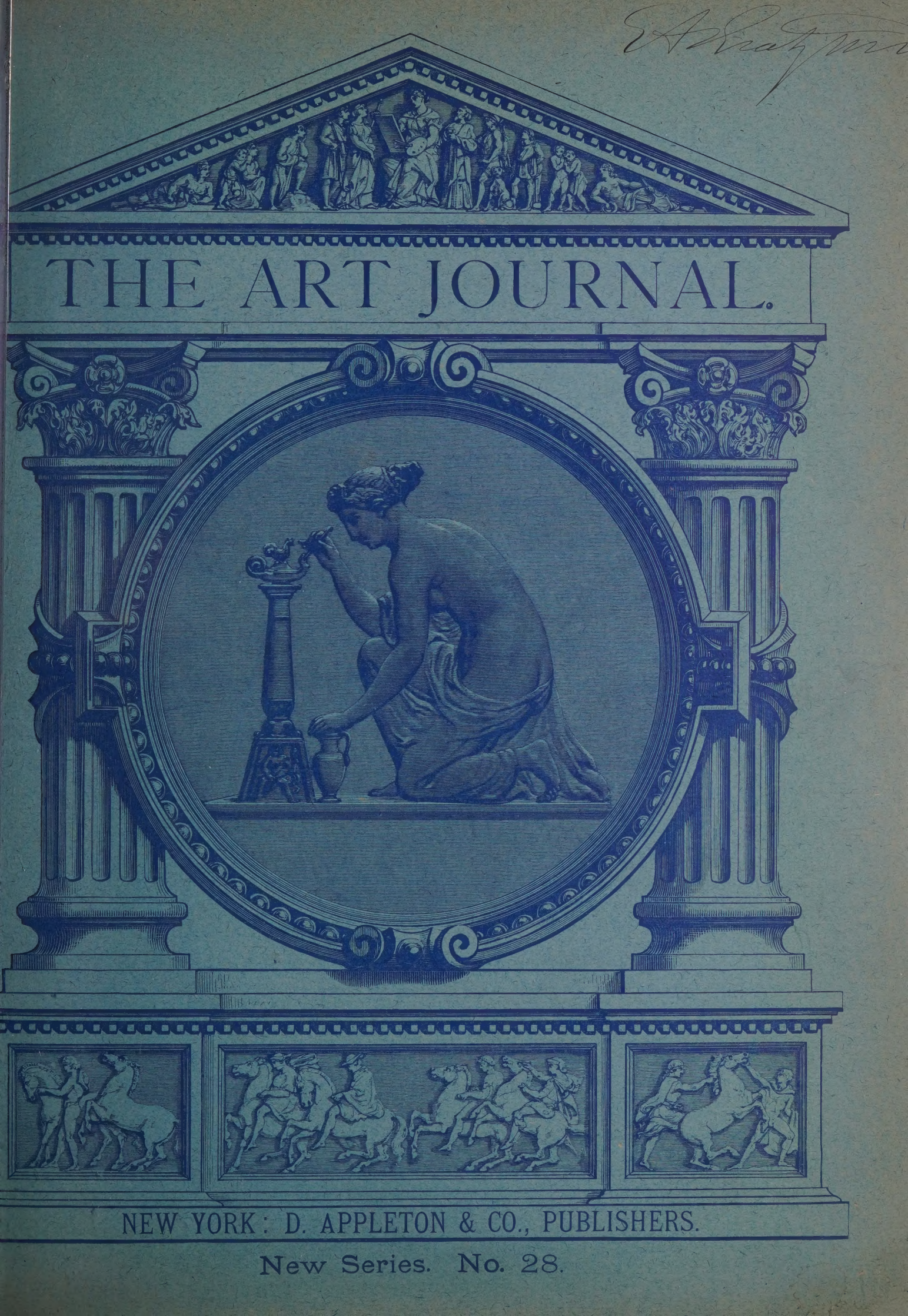


Ed. Kraatz



THE ART JOURNAL.

NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

New Series. No. 28.

APRIL, 1877.

THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS No. 28.

STEEL PLATES.

- I. WATCH AND WARD. From a Painting by W. A. BOUGUEREAU.
II. MACBETH. From a Painting by A. JOHNSTON.
III. ALBERT. From the Statue by J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE.		
1. THE WORKS OF RICHARD BEAVIS. By JAMES DAEFORNE. <i>With Three Illustrations,</i>	97	7. THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. XI. <i>With Four Illustrations,</i>	1
2. PARIS NOTES, - - - - -	100	8. UNGLAZED POTTERY. By CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT. <i>With Twenty-seven Illustrations,</i>	1
3. NORWAY. III. By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A. <i>With Five Illustrations,</i>	101	9. OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Descriptive Text,	1
4. SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY. IV. <i>With Five Illustrations by J. D. WOODWARD,</i>	105	10. ALEXANDER WAGNER. By T. C. BUEL, -	1
5. THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART. By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A. II. <i>With Six Illustrations,</i>	109	11. LONDON ART-GOSSIP. By CHARLES E. PASCOE, -	1
6. ART AND MANUFACTURES. By EDWIN GOADBY,	111	12. ART-NOTES FROM PARIS. By LUCY H. HOOPER, 1	
		13. NOTES: Art in Philadelphia—The Lenox Gallery—Art in Boston—Death of Joel T. Hart, the Sculptor—Death of Robert Wyllie—Art in Chicago, -	1

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- A HERO OF THE OLD REGIME. By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.
- UNDER THE HORIZON. By JOEL BENTON.
- SOME PHASES OF RUSSIAN LIFE. By GEORGE CARY EGLESTON.
- BENITA'S PASTORAL. A Short Story. By LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.
- EDITOR'S TABLE: The Savings-Banks; Hygeia, the New City of Health; A Bishop in the Play-House; Submitting to the Conscription; The Memory of Burns; Pictures in Hospitals; The Moral of Dueling; Death of Albert F. Webster.
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THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE,

Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1877.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1876. \$30,166,902 69

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.	\$5,910,840 87
Interest received and accrued.	\$2,164,080 81
Less amount accrued Jan. 1, 1876.	257,130 86—
Total.	\$37,984,693 51

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death.	\$1,547,648 42
Dividends and returned premiums on canceled policies.	2,516,681 16
Life annuities, matured endowments, and reinsurance.	234,230 22
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.	373,001 67
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.	376,694 33
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.	140,232 32
On other stocks.	65,307 19—
Total.	\$32,730,898 20

ASSETS.

Cash in Trust Company, in banks, and on hand.	\$1,427,933 18
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value \$10,311,045 67).	9,730,529 91
Real estate.	2,541,576 46
This includes real estate purchased under foreclosure, amounting to \$773,402.32, a recent appraisal of which by competent parties shows that, when sold, the company may reasonably expect to realize at least its cost.	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$15,321,000, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security).	17,354,837 84
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$3,659,490).	781,585 39
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.	432,695 40
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$505,000, included in liabilities).	125,027 15
Agents' balances.	36,154 10
Accrued interest on investments to Jan. 1, 1877.	300,558 68—
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.	
Excess of market value of securities over cost.	580,515 76

Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1877. \$33,311,413 96

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1877.	\$314,440 98
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc.	201,152 21
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle, net premium.	29,634,461 61
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.	517,504 84
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.	17,038 32—
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.	\$2,626,816 00

Surplus, estimated by the N. Y. State standard at 4½ per cent., over \$5,500,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,626,816 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies, proportionate to their contribution to surplus. The cash value of the reversion may be used in such settlement if the policy-holders so elect.

DURING THE YEAR 6,514 POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, INSURING \$20,062,111.

Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1876, 44,661.

Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1877, 45,421.

Amount at risk Jan. 1, 1876 \$126,132,119 00
Amount at risk Jan. 1, 1877 127,748,473 00

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FOR 1877.

THE ART JOURNAL:

AN

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Each number contains three steel plates, with many articles on Art-subjects richly and copiously illustrated with wood engravings. In many instances a single steel plate is worth much more than the entire price of the number. The subjects in some cases are derived from the old masters, but more commonly from the paintings of the modern school, including views of subjects in Sculpture.

"THE SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY" will form a feature of 1877. The illustrations will be derived from sketches made by Mr. J. D. Woodward expressly for the ART JOURNAL, and will be engraved in the very best manner known to the art.

The Illustrations of ART-FEATURES OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION will be continued. Those given in the volume for 1876 are acknowledged to be unequalled in beauty and value.

"THE HOMES OF AMERICA" will be continued, taking up residences in different parts of the country, including the stately mansions of the wealthy and some of the picturesque residences of the people.

The papers on HOUSEHOLD ART, by Charles Wyllys Elliott, temporarily suspended on account of the space required for the Exhibition articles, will be resumed in an early number.

The series of articles on AMERICAN ARTISTS, accompanied by examples of their works, has been very popular, and will be continued during the ensuing year. The engravings in this series afford some of the best examples of wood-cutting ever given to the public.

Examples of FRENCH, BRITISH, AND GERMAN PAINTERS will be given, all executed in the best manner possible.

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Papers are preparing, giving examples of some of the best recent specimens of AMERICAN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE, and also of picturesque features in our public and domestic buildings.

Correspondents at Paris, London, and Rome, will keep the reader fully informed of all that is doing in the Art-world at those capitals.

Nothing will be left undone to sustain the reputation of this publication as the most valuable and beautiful of Art periodicals in the world.

Printing, paper, and general get up, are of the best character, and such as to win the commendation of all critics.

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W. BOUGUEREAU, PINXT

BERTINOT, SCULPT

WATCH AND WARD.



THE WORKS OF RICHARD BEAVIS.

DEVONSHIRE possesses an enviable notoriety among all English "shires" on account of the number of excellent artists to whom it has given birth; to name them all from the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds to our own would present a long catalogue; this, however, is not our purpose: the fact is alluded to only to remark that the name of RICHARD BEAVIS is entitled to be placed on the list, for he was born, in 1824, at Exmouth, though the early years of his life were passed at Sidmouth; and it is just possible that this residence in a picturesque seaside town, though it has little or no pretensions now to be called a seaport, whatever it was in years gone by, may have had some influence on the direction which Mr. Beavis's art subsequently took.

The childhood of most painters offers very nearly the same features—the struggles of the mind to develop itself everywhere

and at all times, in season and out of season. Born, as it were, with a pencil in hand, no opportunity is lost of employing it, and too often to the prejudice of all domestic proprieties: and so it was that before little Beavis was eight years old the walls of his bedroom were covered, so far as his childish hands could reach, with a species of hieroglyphics assuming to represent ships and boats, horses and carts, and everything else which suggested itself to the boy's imagination. There were in Sidmouth at that time two booksellers' shops, in the windows of which some engravings were displayed; these were, of course, very attractive to the embryo artist, who, as we have heard him say, would stand long at the window studying one of the prints, till the subject was tolerably well impressed on his mind, when he hurried home and tried to draw it from memory, repeating his visits till the copy was rendered as complete as the circumstances would allow. But parental authority opposed itself to



Bedaween Caravan on the Road to Mount Sinai.

all such aspirations after Art-life: the boy's father had other views for him, and, moreover, held to the opinion that it was a very doubtful mode of earning a livelihood, and related a story, by way of confirmation, that he "once knew a portrait painter who never had a shilling in his pocket or a shoe to his foot." No wonder that with such wide experience of artistic life the elder Beavis should seek to "nip in the bud" any desire the son had to become a painter. Nevertheless the latter could never relinquish the hope of some day being able to accomplish

his wishes; and so, while following other occupations through the day, he would rise in the morning with the sun, and work away with his pencil in the best way he could.

Thus matters went on till 1846, when some gentlemen of the town, who had shown him much kindness and encouraged his untaught efforts, suggested to him the advisability of entering as a student in the then School of Design at Somerset House, and they took such steps as were necessary to accomplish the plan. The result was, that in the summer of that year Mr. Beavis

arrived in London, with a few pounds and several letters of introduction in his pocket, and with many hearty good wishes of his Sidmouth friends for his success. If any of those who lent a hand to help on the young artist at the outset of his career now live to see the result, they can assuredly have no cause to regret what they did, but quite the reverse.

The day following his arrival in London Mr. Beavis was duly installed as a student at Somerset House. His first short term, of six weeks only, proved most encouraging, for at the end of it a premium was awarded to him for outline drawing, which he had studied under the late Mr. Alfred Stevens, then one of the masters, and a most kind and efficient one, as his pupil readily acknowledges. All the Art-education Mr. Beavis received, beyond what he taught himself, was acquired at that institution: he speaks of the teaching there as being in every way excellent and most conducive to its required purpose.

He soon, however, began to find that it was quite necessary

he should get some employment to enable him to maintain himself: the little supply of money he brought to town was gradually melting away, even with the most rigid economy, and he was brought face to face with the difficulties of his position; so he managed to turn what little of Art he yet knew to some profitable account, by painting portraits, putting skies and figures into architectural drawings, and occasionally executing some decorative Art-work: thus he contrived to keep his head fairly above water till the spring of 1850, when Messrs. Trollope, the well-known upholsterers and decorators, of Parliament Street, applied at Somerset House for a student who could assist in making drawings and designs adapted to their business. The matter was proposed to Mr. Beavis by one of the masters, who thought he would be able to meet the requirements of the firm, to whom accordingly he went, and made a drawing or two by way of trial, which being approved, he was at once engaged by Messrs. Trollope as artist to their establish-



Bullock Carts returning from Cetta.

ment. With them he remained till 1863, and with what favourable results may be inferred from the fact that the firm competed successfully in three International Exhibitions with works executed from his designs: in the London Exhibition of 1851, in that of Paris in 1855, and again in the London Exhibition of 1862: in the last two Messrs. Trollope carried off first-class prizes, and in 1862 with especial marks of distinction. It may here be mentioned that the first works Mr. Beavis exhibited at the Royal Academy were, in 1855, a design for a boudoir ceiling at Harewood House, Yorkshire; in 1858, a design for a painted ceiling of a drawing-room in the same mansion; and in 1860, a design for decorating a drawing-room ceiling near Sittingbourne, Kent: works which his employers had then on hand.

In the early years of his connection with the firm he continued to attend the Somerset House schools in the evening, principally giving attention to those branches of Art most applicable to decorative purposes: in the summer-time he would rise

early, get out into the parks or about Kensington to sketch, or perhaps work in his own painting-room at home, till it was time to go to his other studio in Parliament Street. During the latter period of his engagement with the Messrs. Trollope he arranged with them only for a portion of his time; the remainder he applied to his own improvement in painting, both in oils and water colours, for he had always proposed to himself the profession of a painter as the ultimate result of his varied labours: to this his practice as an ornamental designer was merely a stepping-stone. At the British Institution appeared a few small pictures by Mr. Beavis, painted when thus working at half-time, so to speak. In 1862 he sent two pictures, also small, to the Royal Academy, and both were hung; one was 'A Mountain Rill,' the other 'Fishermen picking up Wreck at Sea,' an upright canvas, now in the possession of Mr. Peter Stuart, Seaforth, near Liverpool. Encouraged by the success of these works, he ventured to send in the following year a some-

what larger picture, called only 'In North Wales;' it represented a mountain-stream in that part of the Principality, and was bought on the private view day by the late Sir David Solomons.

Mr. Beavis now felt himself sufficiently strong to pursue his road without such extraneous help as had hitherto aided his onward progress. His pictures were not only looked at, but inquired for: one of the two works he exhibited at the Academy in 1864, 'The Escape,' was engraved in the *Illustrated London News*; the other, 'Autumn—Loading Fern,' we remember as a picture which interested us much. In the year immediately following appeared the first of that class of works which have done so much to bring this artist into prominence; compositions that can scarcely be classed with coast scenes in the ordinary

acceptation of the term, though they are seaside views; but their interest lies less in the expanse of ocean with shipping, &c., than in the figures and animals which enliven the shore and are made the principal features of the picture. The work in question was entitled, 'A Military Train crossing the Sands to Elizabeth Castle, Jersey;' it was painted for Mr. R. P. Harding, and is now in the collection of that gentleman. In 1866 he sent to the Royal Academy 'Drawing Timber in Picardy,' which attracted the attention of a prizewinner in the London Art Union society, who purchased it at the price of £250: an engraving of it appeared in the *Illustrated London News* about that time.

In 1867 and 1868 Mr. Beavis was living near Boulogne, it may be presumed for the purpose chiefly of sketching the coast



Collecting Wreck on the French Coast—Ambleteuse.

scenery of that portion as well as of other parts of the country; and either in those years, or somewhat later, he travelled into Holland with the same object. One of the earliest fruits of this foreign sojourn was exhibited at the Academy in the former of the years just mentioned; its title was 'Loading Sand—Pas de Calais—Threatening Weather.' In the latter year appeared a Dutch scene, 'High Tide—Mouth of the Maas,' painted for Mr. R. P. Harding. In 1869 he exhibited nothing, but in the following year he contributed 'Hauling up a Fishing-boat—Coast of Holland,' in which the leading feature is a team of horses, skilfully drawn, to show the muscular strain and action of the animals in moving a heavy load. The picture is in the collection of a gentleman of Sheffield. In 1871 Mr. Beavis sent

one work to the Academy, 'Autumn Ploughing—Showery Weather;' a picture very favourably alluded to at the time in our columns. Of two paintings exhibited in 1872, one bore the same title, 'COLLECTING WRECK ON THE FRENCH COAST—AMBLETEUSE,' as that engraved on this page, but the design is totally different. Here the treatment is very similar to other compositions of the same kind from the pencil of the artist: a large expanse of stormy sky, broken at intervals by clouds lighted up by the sun; the lights repeated on certain portions of the landscape, &c. Such management of materials is generally very effective, and is certainly so in the work we have engraved, which was never exhibited. The companion picture of the year, 'The Sand Cart, Brittany—Gathering Storm,'

shows like treatment. His only contribution to the Academy in 1873 was an exceedingly well-painted picture, 'The Shore at Scheveningen—Waiting for the Boats,' bought at the private view by Mr. T. Taylor, Hyde Park Gardens. Holland also gave to the artist subjects for two out of the three pictures he sent to the Academy in 1874; the titles of the two were, 'A Ferry-boat in Old Holland' and 'Bringing up Nets at Scheveningen;' the latter, and also the third work, 'Charcoal Burners,' bought by Messrs. Agnew, have, as principals, horses and figures; in the Scheveningen subject the animals are in vigorous action, drawing up a load of heavy nets through the deep sands on the Dutch coast.

A large number of Mr. Beavis's pictures have never been exhibited, but have gone direct from his studio into the hands of their purchasers; such is the case with one we have engraved, 'BULLOCK-CARTS RETURNING FROM CETTE,' painted from one of many sketches made by the artist when on a tour, in the autumn of 1872, through the centre of France, proceeding by the way of the valley of the Rhone to Avignon and Marseilles, and thence along the French shores of the Mediterranean. This is a very attractive composition; the bullocks are well drawn, cleverly foreshortened, and evidently quite under the control of the young peasant-girl, who, rather gracefully and lightly, is throwing her long driving-whip—certainly very unlike an English carter's whip—over the heads of the leaders of the bullock-team, just to remind them that they must not go to sleep on the road, as they seem half inclined to do.

In the autumn of 1874 Mr. Beavis's health failed, and he was advised to try a thorough change of air and scene. He had often felt a strong desire to visit the East, and so he resolved to carry out his wishes. Accordingly, in the early part of the following

year (1875) he set out for Egypt, travelling by easy stages, *via* Venice and Brindisi, to Alexandria, and thence to Cairo. After staying a few days in the latter city to rest and examine the place, as well as to complete the arrangements for a caravan journey across the Desert to Mount Sinai, he started on the expedition, lingering on the way to sketch, either in oils or water-colours—for he works equally well in both—such objects and places of interest or beauty as most vividly arrested his attention and appealed most strongly to his artistic feelings. Among the places visited by Mr. Beavis during his trip to the East, which occupied about six months, were Jaffa, where he remained several weeks, Jerusalem, with most of the villages and historic places in its vicinity, Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea; but the landscape portions of the country he acknowledges to have had less charm for him than the social life of the people, their costumes, animals, and agricultural operations. On his return home—his health, we are pleased to know, quite reëstablished—he lost no time in making use of what he had seen and noted down of Arab and Syrian life, as was evidenced in the two pictures he sent to the Royal Academy's exhibition of last year, one of which is engraved on a preceding page. It represents a 'BEDAWEEEN CARAVAN ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT SINAI;' the caravan is descending the high ground at Wady Ghurundel. The other picture was called 'Ploughing in Lower Egypt.' The artist shows himself quite as much at home on Eastern ground as on the shores of France and Holland.

We cannot call Mr. Beavis a disciple of any particular school, nor a follower of any special artist: he is a close and diligent student of Nature alone, and works out his subjects—and they are varied—with taste, judgment, and skilful execution.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

PARIS NOTES.



MID the vast and invaluable range of tapestry exhibited by the *Union Centrale* in its zealous effort of 1876, the palm may be said to have been borne off by the adaptation of Rubens's great work—now so conspicuous in the Louvre—of the Life, or rather the Apotheosis, of Maria de' Medici. There could scarcely be a more effective evidence of the master's genius than his daring development of such a theme as this, where the allegorical, the mythological, and all manner of contemporaneous realities are mingled together "in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion." Over the many difficulties thence proceeding he throws an infallible force of drawing, colours of deepest glow and harmony, perfect ideality of expression, and a wondrous mystery of *chiaro-oscuro*, by which each scene is thrown into an absolute reality of *rilievo*. The figure of Henry IV., as he stands in one of these *tableaux*, proudly erect in his panoply of armour, contemplating the portrait of his coming bride, seems to give the man to the very life, and is probably the most prepossessing and faithful presentment of him who may be considered the last representative of European chivalry. It was an error to introduce, into the same spacious *salon* that contains this *magnum opus* of the great Belgic master, those various copies of historic canvases of other pencils in which rigidity of form and poverty of effect are forced into most unhappy contrast, and obviously depreciate the power of the pictorial loom. It would have been a more discreet exercise of arrangement to have covered the confronting walls with elaborate folds, in which bucolic themes are elaborately worked out in all manner of fantastic configuration, and a very kaleidoscope of sparkling colour. In reference to colour, there was here one portrait tissue of unique brilliancy and almost appalling impersonation—that of Marie Antoinette, seated in full state with her children at her side. She is robed in bright crimson velvet, "from top to toe," and her head accords in elaborate *coiffure*. Her face is in all its loveliness and its confidence of assured influence. This was the hour when she ruled supreme in Tuileries and Trianon. Who could look on this

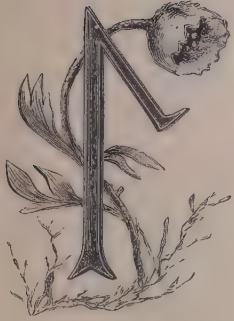
glowing masterpiece without seeing the reverse, and recalling the aspect of this same royal lady, struck with premature age and utter misery, swathed in the weeds of pauperism, and borne along in a foul tumbrel, to give her head—amid the execrations of a brutal mob—to the ghastly guillotine? Look upon the crimsoned queen, and this other "helpless, hapless Mary."

The singular and noble *relique* of the Renaissance era, 'The Cremona Gate,' which, after four centuries of well-guarded existence in the place of its creation, has been borne thence to enhance the artistic treasures of a foreign country, and has, at length, been annexed to the Louvre, and submitted to public inspection. It has been reërected among the four *salons* dedicated to the period alluded to, and stands between the two Michael Angelo masterpieces, 'The Captives.' There can scarcely be a second opinion that this arrangement is singularly infelicitous, and that it can only have been adopted *faute de mieux*. Here has this matchless arched entrance to a palace, which had its artistic merits illustrated under the light of an Italian sky, been inserted in the party wall separating two halls of very moderate dimensions, in the shade of a side-light, which veils all the wondrous details of its delicate carving, and with the singular luxuriance of frieze, cornice, and architrave all crushed up into combination with the heavy groining of a stone ceiling. To complete the marring result of this desecration comes the sad fact that time has dealt most ungenerally with this marble, once fairer than monumental alabaster, and not only stained it with a seriously unpleasant tint, but completed the injury by irregularity of streaks, which seem wholly to defy every cleansing expedient. Better to have left to Italy this unique work than to have reserved it for so depreciating a home. However, let a suggestion be tendered. Within the quadrangle of the Tuileries, which is annexed to the Louvre, the visitant of Paris is familiar with a charming circular enclosure, in "verdure clad," rich in choicest ornamental plants, and guarded with a finely gilt railing. Let that be the retreat for this *Porta nel Palazzo Stanza*, garnered in, if it be expedient, within a graceful vibrine erection.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER III.



LEAVING Lysthuis we settled down for steady travelling in that most delightful phase, namely, with our tents and luggage, sometimes in a "stolk-jær," or country cart, sometimes with ponies only; such independence, such health-giving enjoyment, can hardly be obtained under different circumstances. The travellers in this case were three, happily organized in the following manner. They might for the nonce be called "Brown, Jones, and Robinson,"

as a tribute of respect to the originals in the "Primer or Spelling Book," published in 1790, where those now world-wide known names are first found associated. Let us rather go with the times and number them—a treatment now general at hotels at home and abroad. So, to commence, No. 1 was the youngest, and unanimously elected paymaster-general. Polyglot in his knowledge of languages, he shone when asked to explain: then came such volleys of Norske, German, Danish, Swedish, French, Italian, all in one flowing Norskey catena, that if people did not understand still they felt they ought to, and acted accordingly. All this was carried out with the dash of a Zouave, and was garnished with a profound knowledge of music and brilliant execution on the piano. How



Chair in Hitterdal Church.

we longed sometimes for a pocket piano! No. 1's great *forte* was enthusiasm for fishing—trout, salmon, greyling, and split-cane fly-rods; tradition says that he has often in his sleep talked of "blue doctors," "large butchers," and "black doses;" these sounds have been heard in the small hours of the morning, zephyring from his tent with nasal accompaniments; but he was always equal to the occasion, even when some one had landed with his luggage by mistake. At first he said, "Never mind, my dear boy; sure to find it; most honest, charming people, these Norwegians—never lose anything." These comforting words emanated from No. 1 when he understood that

No. 3 had lost his luggage; but when he found that it was his own—even No. 1's—that was lost, a change came over the spirit of his dream. The polyglot vocabulary was soon launched, the fire of the Zouave flared up, carriole ordered, and pursuit commenced, ending happily in the recovery of the wandering impedimenta: so after a time peace was restored, and Richard was himself again.

No. 2 was tentmaster-general, sportsman to the core; reindeer, salmon, and Gamle Norge—these he had chronically on the brain, mixed up with a great love of old tankards and a yearning for silver belts and "gammel sul." Once in his Norfolk jacket and knickers, "pau Høie Fejlde," how happy was he! rejoicing in the "freske lufte" and mountain air, snow peaks, "sneebreden," ready for any amount of fatigue, and always willing to cook first and eat afterwards. A rare good man was the tentmaster.

No. 3 was generally known as "the Locust," from his constant appetite for all kinds of food, and general thirst for knowledge about everything connected with Norway. Note-



Porch at Hitterdal, Thelemarken.

book in hand, he was ever dotting down everything, even to catching mosquitoes between the leaves of it, so as to bring home the real thing. Still, No. 3 had an important duty to perform. As the travellers were three he was allowed the casting vote (a most wholesome arrangement, as he was a married man, and might have been most useful in some weighty matters). Happily, to the credit of No. 1 and No. 2, the prerogative of

* Continued from page 68.

No. 3 was never called for, and, happily, by the end of the trip was looked on as a sinecure; still, he always travelled ready to apply "a touch of the oil feather,"—one of the best companions a traveller can have ready to hand. May many such trios be found to have a trip of so great simple enjoyment, such health, and such pleasing diversion of thought! It is a joy to fall back upon with delight throughout life, and the longer the life the greater the relish of recollection.

Hitterdal Church is one of the two wooden churches of which Norway can boast, Borgund and Hitterdal; they are built of wood, Byzantine-Gothic, *on dit*, but grotesque and pagodaist in form. The old porches are grandly carved with serpents, dragons, and Runic interlacings.

The church itself at Hitterdal is nothing like so quaint or picturesque as that at Borgund, neither so weird; still, its early carving forms a noble monument to come down to us, and at once

draws forth the admiration, not only of the antiquarian but of the merest casual passer-by. The lintels are especially beautiful at the entrance. The belltower is unusually detached, in this case being placed on the other side of the highway. Unfortunately, time prevented a more detailed sketch of the old chair or seat given on the preceding page; it stands in the church by the altar and is considered episcopal, but the date is most likely *circa* 900. What grand solidity of form! Vikingly to a degree, and fit for Thor or Odin! There is a great air of majesty about it.

The roof of the church is of wood also, carved in the same way as many of the churches in Sussex, and covered with small long wooden tiles, if that term may be used to describe the process which in that county is generally known as "shingling."

The churchyard is very interesting, and the graveboards have a peculiar form worthy of notice; for this reason one is



Vinge, from the Farm above.

introduced here (page 101). The form of the upper part is that of a cross, but below come up two horns, rising right and left. These horns have a kind of anchor form; and what could be a more appropriate emblem in a country so seaboar as Norge? The blending of Faith and Hope is, I think, most poetically suggested. Can we do better here than pay a tribute of respect to the beautiful simplicity of the religious character of the Norwegian peasantry? Their love of God and their reverence for religion are refreshing, and offer a good lesson to many who rejoice in mere flourish of external worship. We shall have occasion to refer to the curious anomaly of Roman Catholic vestments continued in the present day in the Lutheran service, but of that hereafter; allusion may now be made to the happy links which exist between the minister and his people. This is shown in the character of their sermons, the whole tone of which seems to aim at binding the parish together in Christian love and sweet sympathy, bearing each other's

burdens, caring for others, curbing self—the most difficult of all tasks, as it comes nearest home and is in itself so antagonistic to the entire tendency of human nature. The whole climate rather tends to develop this frame of mind: there is a certain sedate expression throughout the provinces; the long darkness of winter, extending its influence even into the continuous light of the northern summer, brings every one in close and constant proximity, whilst the mountains isolate the valleys one from the other without any access. Still, when the summer comes and the whole energy of vegetation bursts out at once, in their gladdened hearts how they rejoice! They pluck these outbursts of beauty, revived nature, and joyously take them to the house of God—no mere form or ritual, but the wholesome outcome of heartfelt unsophisticated joy and gratitude for brightness after lengthened gloom and months of pent-up feeling.

At Moen, beyond Jamsgaard, after a long day and a mid-day meal, during which we were devoured by mosquitoes until

nothing was left of us but our monograms, we arrived late in the evening in front of a farmhouse. Saturday night; no room in the house, but an open space close by, most inviting for tents. In the twinkling of an eye the tent-master issued his order, each man had his tent laid out, and up they went simultaneously, to the astonishment of the natives. Was it a sort of fair, only read of in books? Was it the first germ of the great Russian fair, Nijni Novgorod? Was it one of the lost tribes of Israel come down from the clouds? Or were we

Germans, who, having already annexed Denmark, had just run on with a message from Prince Bismarck to say that Norway was annexed? No; the peasants rather looked on at a respectful distance, with a certain openness of mouth and absence of expression. By this time, tents up, beds laid, saddle-bags in places, guns hung on tent-pole with telescope, food had to be thought of and the canteen business looked after. The canteen was well-organized and an old traveller—almost self-acting; so accustomed to the names of Fortnum and Mason's



Fladdal, Thelemarken.

tinned soups, &c., that the very words "mock turtle" made it burn and bristle up to a really good fire. Saturday night we had good lake trout; how welcome, with our then appetites, the mock-turtle. Three cheers for Fortnum and Mason! And then the "mogrador"! Some of our readers have never been introduced to those satisfying and necessary pleasures of life; if not, let us explain. Mogrador and other good things come from Stavanger in Norway, which is great for potted meats, potted "ryper," tins of all kinds of preserved

things, soups, lobsters, &c., and these mogradors. The inquiring mind may ask, "But mogrador,—what is it? how made?" All I can say is, that it was so good we thought we had no time to ask what it was: perfect in flavour, solid in substance, very satisfying to the most energetic of gastric juices, and wholesome. Three cheers, therefore, for Stavanger! Then came wild strawberries, brought by dear little children in costume, who had already begun to go through the process of purification ready for Sunday. Biscuits and Dutch cheese, and

a "Skaal for Gamle Norge." After this we followed the suggestion of the good motto, "Rest and be thankful," and then some hunters' songs.

The following day—Sunday—was a curious scene; everybody came to look at us. The brightness of the morning favoured our *al fresco* toilets, and one of our party, who carried a dressing-case full of wonderful things and generally known in the list of impedimenta as "Somebody's luggage," became the centre of attraction. In front of his tent was laid out a waterproof sheet, and a saddle-bag, partially opened and supported at the back; this sustained the looking-glass, in front of which knelt a figure shaving (No. 1). Now, although the Norwegians shave, almost universally, there was something about this instance of shaving which took the fancy of all present. The girls giggled, the short ones tried to peep between the tall ones. Why? Did the performer pull his own nose to a greater length than usual in this country when he took the long sweep down his cheek? Hardly that. The fact was, the good folk thought the whole thing was a preparation for some performance to follow this kind of overture, and that the dressing-case, with its numerous glass bottles with silver tops, contained all kinds of medicines, panaceas for everything, cures for gout, sciatica, tic douloureux, trichinæ spirales, hypochondria, dysomania,

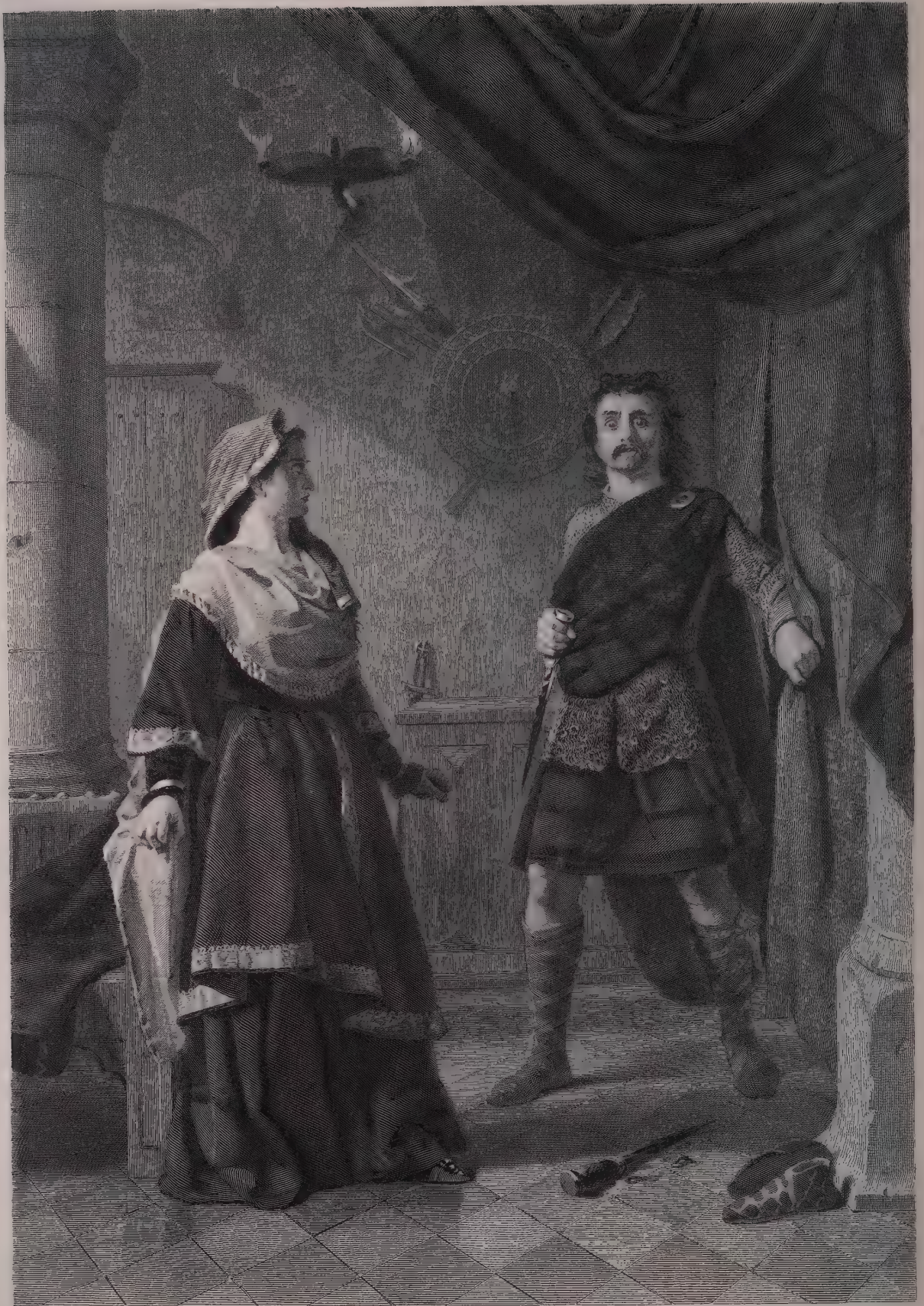
and every other mania. After the shaving came a pause. A fortunate inquiry for old silver ornaments now changed the whole scene, and for the rest of the day, at intervals, the *penates* of the neighbourhood were being brought for our edification. Some of the old brooches were very beautiful indeed; the rings were very characteristic, some with small pendant rings, some with the usual cup ornaments; and when it was discovered that much interest was taken in old costumes then we had really a treat. Old embroideries on "vanners," or winter gloves without fingers, eiderdown cloaks, swaddling-bands, babies' caps, worked aprons, the openwork at the lower part being admirable in design. About this time a wish was expressed to see a baby ready swaddled for the baptism; unhappily there was no such thing to be had within miles upon miles; but rather than "the Locust" should be disappointed, these good people dressed up a woollen one, which well answered every purpose and was considered a great success. The kindness of the people was very striking: a certain shy curiosity characterised their movements at first; but they soon settled down to taking every possible pains to oblige us and meet our wants. It seemed very odd, however, to see a church so near and yet no service. How could it be, when there seemed to be sufficient people almost to form a congre-



Carved Houses, Bru, Thelemarken.

gation? It was this: the "præstegaard," or clergyman's house, is at the central church, which always has two "annexes,"—small churches, each eighteen or twenty miles from the principal one, and this was our first experience of an annexe. The services, therefore, are only every third Sunday in each church. It is a hard life these good men lead: well educated, well read, and much like the old Fathers, revered and well-beloved by their flocks. The vast extent of their parishes or districts is very trying to their health, necessitating long drives, and in winter much severe sledge work. Then in some parts such boat work on the coast that the minister and doctor of the locality seem more like "old salts" than members of these professions. I remember particularly one clergyman, whose annexe was on a group of islands off the coast. As the steamer passed she swung round a point, and soon came off to us a boat, with a grand figure standing up steering her. From beneath an old sou'-wester hung his white hair, grandly blown back, silver spectacles, large muffler round his throat, oilskin coat, oilskin trousers, long sea boots. As the boat neared the steamer and was turned to the gangway, a sailor on board said, "Now, sir, you'll see one of the fine old sort. This, sir, is the priest, and not a better seaman will you find all along the coast,—nor a better man." No wonder religion takes a simple and earnest form when such practical exponents carry forth the "glad tidings" to

their fellow creatures, with simplicity, energy, and dignity in everyday life, far beyond the idea of any working in densely-populated districts, as in this country; for the priest, although an occasional visitor to some parts, is still a sanctuary of comfort and sympathy to all in their trouble, and enters with the greatest interest into their rejoicings and pleasures, whether they be public or domestic. In this way their relations with their flocks are most "Good Shepherd-like," and their constant care and solicitude for their parishioners rivet the love and confidence of all around them. This is much helped by the very general distribution of this world's goods away from towns; or perhaps, to speak more correctly, by the absence of wealth, and the even-manneredness of all Norwegians away from populated centres. Any stranger visiting Norway will be struck with the large Elizabethan frill worn by the priest, which, with the sombre black gown, imparts a very mediæval character to the service, especially, combined as it is, with the two candlesticks on the altar, ready to be lighted on three occasions—generally Christmas, the end of the forty days, and Easter. All that is mentioned here of the relations of the clergy with their congregations is confirmed by the homely way in which the former give out the notices from the altar, as to the working of the parish, or the schools, or any extra communion, when requested by a few of the parishioners writing to or calling on the priest.



A. JOHNSTON PINXT

C. W. SHARPE, SCULPT

MACBETH.

SCENERY OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

IV.

WHEN the Mormons first settled in Utah, into which Territory we passed near Wahsatch Station, it was a part of Mexico, and it was acquired by the United States in 1848, through the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; but the Federal Government was

south. The famous Colorado River is formed within the Territory, and its chaotic channel, hedged in with unutterable grandeur and desolation, is the key-note in which the tone of much of the scenery is struck. The population is about 125,000, including about 1,000

Indians, and the average number of persons to a family is five. There are ten railways, with a total length of 500 miles. The Union and Central Pacific roads are the longest, and cross the Territory near its northern border.

After this statistical digression, let us now return to our itinerary:

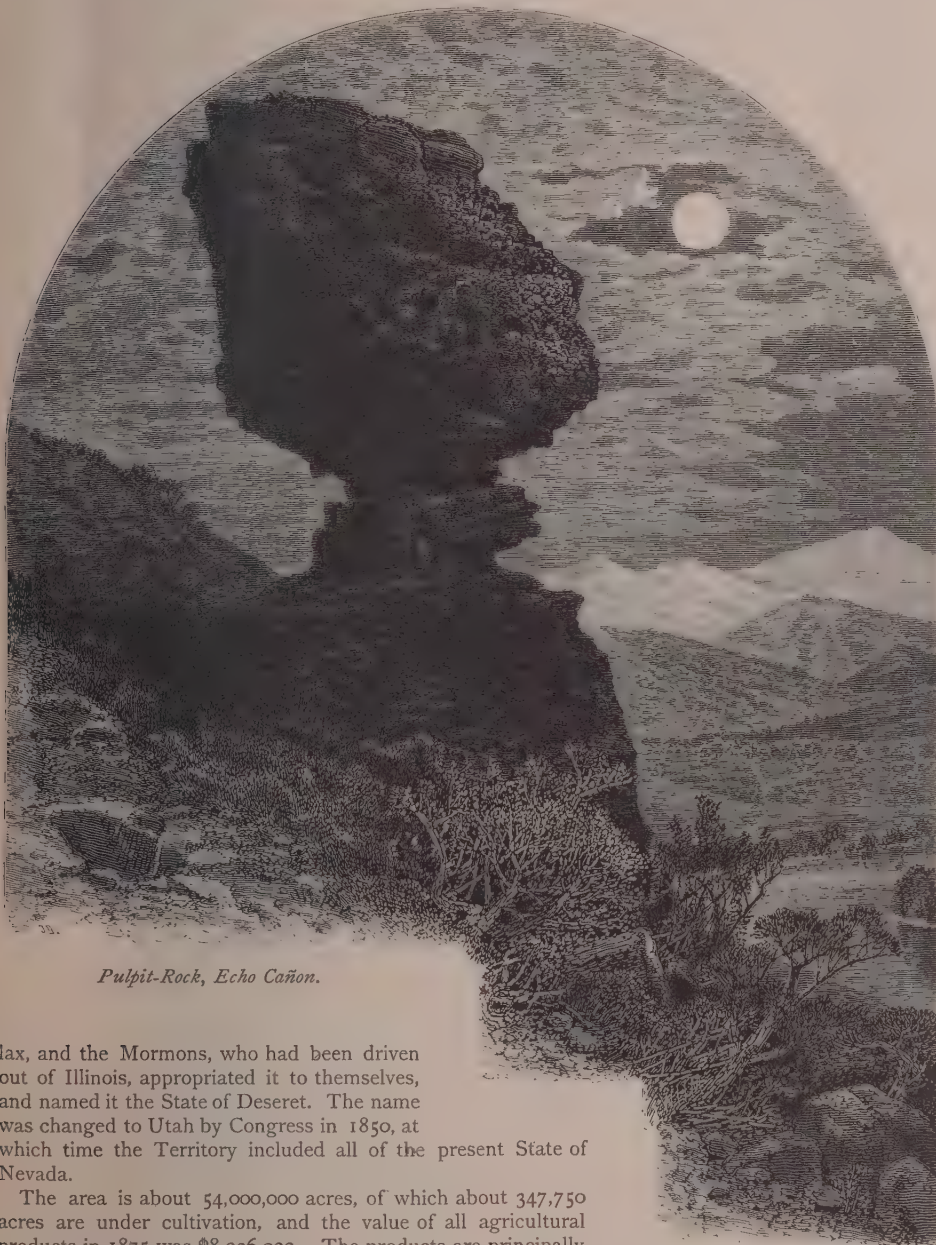
The grandest scenery of the Union Pacific Railway is crowded into the next sixty miles, and for four hours there is not a lagging moment to the tourist, whose search is for the picturesque, nor to the more scientific traveller, whose eyes are open to the marvellous geological revelations of Echo, Weber, and Ogden Cañons.

So far in the overland journey we have had no striking example of that most striking feature of the West, the cañon; and now we are to see in Echo the wall of an "open" cañon on one side and the impending cliffs of a "box" cañon on the other.

The true Western cañon is a narrow gulf in the mountains held in by cliffs, which sometimes overlap—such a formation being known as the "box;" and when the walls lean back, and are not absolutely perpendicular, the formation is classified by geographers as an "open cañon." All down the southern side of Echo the boundary is a well-rounded range of hills with enough grass upon them to hint of a superficial soil, and with a few emphatic projections of rock here and there. Another range of similar hills would make a characteristic "open cañon."

But all down the northern side there is a sheer bluff or escarpment from 500 to 700 feet in height, and of a reddish colour, which increases in warmth until it seems to glow with living heat. The contrast goes further. The opposite southern rocks are yellow, and the soil has slipped away in places, leaving a broad patch of the naked sandstone visible in the surrounding green. Occasionally a valley intersects the main cañon, and, looking through it, we can see the white tips of the Wahsatch and Uintah Mountains with the upper slopes of dark-blue or purple.

The scene has every element of impressiveness—strong, deter-



Pulpit-Rock, Echo Cañon.

lax, and the Mormons, who had been driven out of Illinois, appropriated it to themselves, and named it the State of Deseret. The name was changed to Utah by Congress in 1850, at which time the Territory included all of the present State of Nevada.

The area is about 54,000,000 acres, of which about 347,750 acres are under cultivation, and the value of all agricultural products in 1875 was \$8,236,022. The products are principally grain and fruit, including apples, pears, peaches, plums, and grapes, in abundance; but in the valley of the Rio Virgen cotton, figs, and pomegranates, are also grown. The climate is variable, but the hottest days are followed by cool, refreshing nights. The aggregate yield of gold, silver, and lead, between 1868 and 1875, was \$22,117,122. The surface of the land is elevated; the valleys are from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest peak is about 13,000 feet.

Idaho and Wyoming bound Utah on the north, Wyoming and Colorado on the east, Nevada on the west, and Arizona on the

minate colour, majestic forms, and a novel weirdness. Further, the descent into the cañon begins soon after dinner, at Evanston; the air coming from the mountains is inspiring; the afternoon light is growing mellow, and all other conditions are favourable to the highest enjoyment.

That most amusing of travellers, the Baron de Hübner, has described his impressions of this part of the overland journey as

follows: "The descent to the Salt Lake is done without steam, merely by the weight of the carriages, and, although the break is put upon the wheels, you go down at a frightful pace, and, of course, the speed increases with the weight of the train; and being composed of an immense number of cars and trucks, I became positively giddy before we got to the bottom. Add to this the curves, which are as sharp as they are numerous, and the fearful



Echo Cañon, Utah.

precipices on each side, and you will understand why most of the travellers turn pale."

There is a good deal of unconscious exaggeration in this picture, and the impressions are those of a highly-nervous person; but the real experience is sufficiently exciting as the train sweeps down and sways from side to side with increasing speed, now threatening to hurl itself against a solid cliff, then curving off like an obedient ship in answer to her helm.

Just eastward of the head of the cañon the country is undu-

lating and breezy; farther westward it becomes more broken; the foot-hills present craggy fronts; and detached masses of rock, curiously weathered, crop out.

Nine hundred and sixty-six miles from Omaha we pause at Wahsatch Station, which is on the divide between Bear River Valley and Echo Cañon, and thence we sink lower and lower into the earth while the enclosing hills rise higher above us. Two miles from Wahsatch the train crosses a tressel-work bridge—450 feet long and 75 feet high, and immediately afterwards it crashes into



Devil's Slide, Weber Cañon.

the longest tunnel on the road, and through masses of reddish and purple clays.

He must be a very close observer indeed who can comprehend all of the varied beauties and curiosities that follow. The high, abrupt wall on one side, so smooth that it might have been cut by a saw, the lofty hills on the other side, and the glimpses of mountains whose snows never melt, are impressive and

interesting; but they are not the only things that make a journey through Echo Cañon memorable for a lifetime.

The stupendous rocks frequently assume the appearance of an artificial object, as at Green River and among the Bad Lands; it seems, as we round some butte of castellated form, that we are not in a region that twenty years ago was almost unknown, but in a much older country; feudal labour, and not the patient toil of the raindrops, must, we are half disposed to think, have shaped the pinnacles which taper with such fineness, and the towers that are so perfectly round. The uncommon forms are not so amazing nor so numerous as those in the Bad Lands, but they bear a close inspection, and still resemble somewhat man's handiwork.

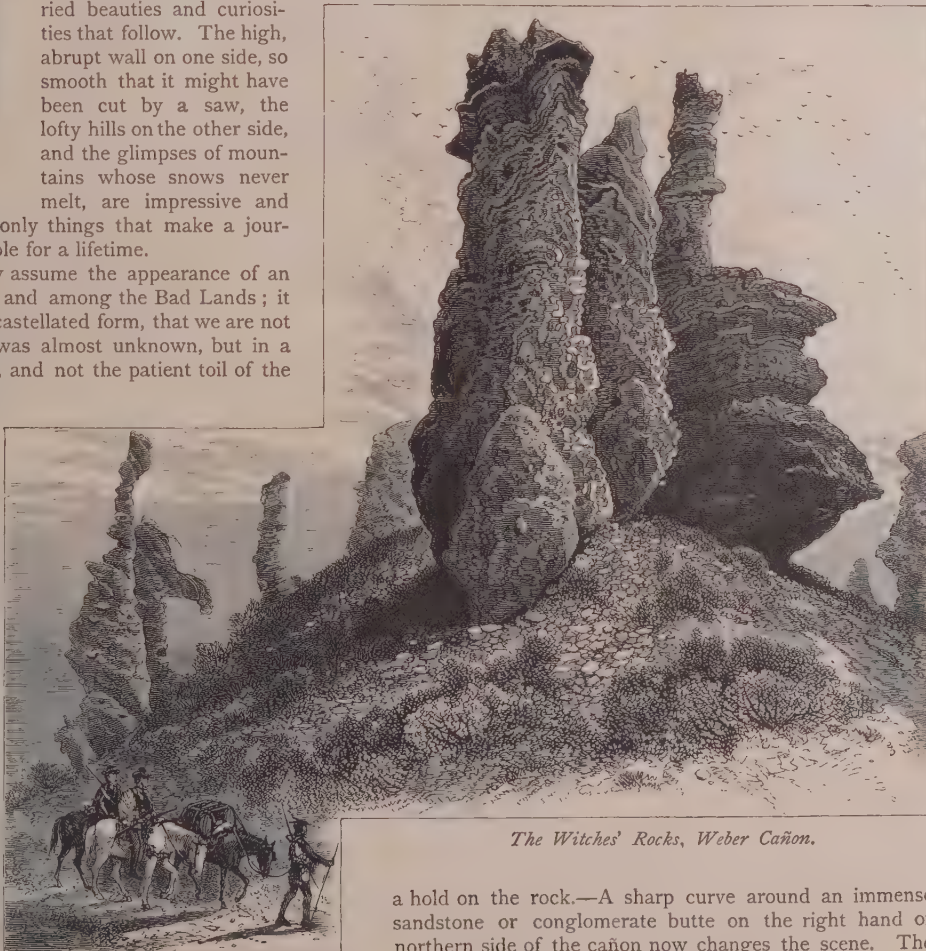
At the head of the cañon, particularly, there is a formation called Castle Rock, which imitates an old, dismantled fortress, and near by is another formation called the Pulpit, on account of its likeness to the object of its name, and on account of a tradition that from it Brigham Young preached to the Mormons as he led them into their promised land. The railway curves around the latter, and an out-

stretched arm from the car might touch it. Next comes Sentinel Rock, an obelisk of conglomerate about 250 feet high, which shows the influence of "weathering," i. e., the action of the elements; and seven miles from Castle Rock is Hanging Rock, for view of which see preceding article.

From such a point of view as Hanging Rock, or the ridges above it, a much better idea of the tumultuousness of the surrounding country can be obtained than from the bed of the cañon. The earth is split by a score of transverse ravines, which extend like blue veins from the main artery and map the face of the country with shadow; isolated columns, positive and brilliant in colour, stand alone in their chromatic glory without a visible connection with the main rock from which they were originally detached; odd groups of conglomerate, much like inverted wineglasses in shape, and plainly banded with several strata of colour, sprout out like so many petrified mushrooms; and, clasping all within their basin, are the circling mountains of the Wahsatch and Uintah ranges—silvered with perpetual snow on their acute peaks, and impenetrably blue where the pines are. These two chains are among the most picturesque of all the Western mountains. They fairly bristle with peaks and lateral ridges, and they soar from the plain at a bound, so to speak, without the concealment and dwarfing effect of foot-hills.

The swift water of Weber River winds by the track through a channel overhung with bright shrubs, and the immigrant-road, upon which large cavalcades are still found travelling, crosses and re-crosses the iron pathway, which from one of the neighbouring heights appears like a fine thread of silver, while the train with its locomotive and lofty Pullman-cars becomes a toy in contrast with the Titanic rocks among which it is rushing.

The cedar seems to thrive on an astonishingly poor soil, and crops out among the rocks in profusion, giving them a peculiar mottled appearance. These and a few pines strive for sustenance on the least accessible ledges, and are satisfied with never so small



The Witches' Rocks, Weber Cañon.

a hold on the rock.—A sharp curve around an immense sandstone or conglomerate butte on the right hand or northern side of the cañon now changes the scene. The

cañon opens into a wide valley completely surrounded by mountains; but, wherever tillage has been possible, the land has been cultivated, and a number of settlements have sprung up.

The train stops at the little town of Echo, 993 miles from Omaha, and 5,315 feet above the level of the sea, and the next station is Upper Weber Valley, whence a narrow-gauge railway turns off to Coalville, the site of an extensive deposit. The farmhouses are

tidy and cheerful; the land has been fertilised by irrigation, and otherwise made the most of.

The most prejudiced opponent of the Mormons must acknowledge that they have done wonders in agriculture, and that, whatever else they may be, they are industrious, energetic, and thrifty.

Rushing through the valley, between Echo and Weber Cañons,



The Devil's Gate, Weber Cañon.

we can now see the portals of the latter flanked on the southwest by a stupendous dome-shaped abutment of brilliant red, nearly 1,000 feet high, which is the first in a chain of similar formations extending southward, and presenting abrupt fronts all the way down. There are small alcoves between them, and they jut out obliquely, like the prows of a fleet of iron-clads. The idea of this belt of flaming red amid the verdurous surroundings, and with the grey and white mountains above it, will impress the reader as an

extraordinary contrast, but it is in just such contrasts as this that the wonderful element of Western scenery consists.

In a moment more we have swept by the bluff, and the train is awaking thunderous reverberations in Weber Cañon, which is deeper and wilder than Echo, including among its wonders the Devil's Gate and the Devil's Slide, a description of which will appear in the next article of this series.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE USE OF ANIMAL FORMS IN ORNAMENTAL ART.

BY F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

CHAPTER II.



THE dragon is another of those mythical forms that are very freely met with in ornamental Art: apart from its heraldic use, and its connection with a patron saint, it is largely employed, under various grotesque modifications, in the wood and stone carvings, tiles, illuminated MSS., &c., of the mediæval period, both

in Britain and on the Continent; while the Eastern peoples (the Persians, Burmese, and Chinese) revel in the form with a fertility of invention and quaintness of horror that far outstrip all European examples. The dragon is largely employed in Christian Art as a symbol of the evil principle; and such an application naturally arises from some passages in the Scriptures; as, "The great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceived the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him;" or again, "The dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God." Pharaoh, as the enemy of God's chosen people, is in like manner compared to a dragon: "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt; the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers;" and to these few passages many others equally striking might be added—passages that evi-



Fig. 15.

dently amply suffice to justify the use of the symbol in ecclesiastical Art.

While, however, we class the dragon amongst the mythical forms, we must also remember that its terror had not thus in earlier times lost its sting; the workman who carved it on a capital in the midst of the foliage, not only regarded it as a symbol, but believed very really and truly in the existence of such a monster. In Fig. 13, on a preceding page (47), is engraved a representation of a dragon taken from an old work on natural history in our possession, wherein several kinds of dragons are figured and described. "Those of India are much the largest, being of an incredible length. Some of them are of a yellow fiery colour, having sharp backs like saws. Some do affirm that the dragon is of a black colour, the under parts somewhat green and very beautiful; that it has a triple row of teeth in each jaw, and very bright shining eyes; that it

has also two dewlaps growing under the chin, which hang down like a beard, of a red colour, and the body is set all over with sharp scales, and on the neck with thick hair, much like the bristles of a wild boar." The manticora, Fig. 14 (page 47), is another of those strange monsters that were at one time accredited with a real existence. "When the hunters take a whelp of this beast they bruise its tail, to prevent its bearing the sharp quills; then it is tamed without danger."

The Chimæra, a fire-breathing monster, compounded of lion, goat, and serpent, having three heads—one of each of these creatures—is often represented in classic Art: Fig. 8 (page 47) is an example from an old mosaic. It is fabled to have made great havoc in Lycia and the surrounding countries, but it was at last slain by Bellerophon, who, mounted in the air on the flying Pegasus, was enabled to destroy it by his arrows. It is mentioned in the writings of Homer, Hesiod, Horace, and Ovid. Amongst ourselves, so little faith have we in the myth, that anything wildly impossible is branded as chimerical.

Pegasus, from its connection with this exploit, is freely met with in classic Art; it is, for example, the leading type on the coins of Corinth; Bellerophon, the hero of the adventure, being claimed by the people of that city as one of their early chieftains. On later coins the head of Minerva appears on the reverse; she was the protectress of Bellerophon, and her assistance enabled him to possess himself of the flying horse, and to subdue the Chimæra by its



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.

means—a corresponding fable to that of the Athenian Theseus and the Minotaur. Syracuse in Sicily, a colony of Corinthian origin, adopted the same device, the flying horse, on their coinage, and it also occurs frequently on that of Carthage. The Pegasus, again, is largely

employed in mediæval and modern heraldry; two of these form the supporters to the arms of Lansdowne, Powerscourt, Queensbury, and other English families, and it also occasionally forms one of the devices of the shield.

The centaur, a creature compounded of horse and man, is from time to time met with in classic Art; the most notable and familiar example of its use may be seen in the metopes filled with sculpture that are placed between the triglyphs of the Parthenon; these metopes—ninety-two in all, fourteen on each front and thirty-two on each side—were filled with representations of various incidents in Attic mythology, amongst which

the battle of the Athenians with the centaurs forms the subject of the fifteen metopes now preserved in the British Museum. The Centaurs, as a people, are said by Virgil and Horace to have dwelt in Thessaly, a land then greatly famed for its breed of horses; and instances, as in the landing of the Spaniards in America, have not been unknown where those to whom the horse was not familiar have imagined that the horse and his rider were but one creature; a belief in centaurs is not, therefore, so difficult a myth to trace to its origin as many others are. The usual form of representation is the conjoining of the body



Fig. 18.

and legs of a horse with head, arms, and body of a man down to the waist, though in some early works, as, for example, some archaic pottery in the British Museum, the legs of the man take the place of the fore legs of the horse. The centaurs being frequently represented as bearing bows and arrows, the heraldic *Sagittarius*, such as that assigned to King Stephen, is ordinarily represented in this half-human, half-equine form, though it is of course dubious, on a moment's consideration of the meaning and derivation of the word, that this is but a narrow and conventional limitation.

Other partly-human, partly-animal forms, often found in old



Fig. 19.

works, are those of the satyrs and fauns. The satyrs are represented with bristly hair, ears sharply pointed like those of animals, low, sensual faces, small horns growing out of the top of the forehead, and a tail like that of a horse or goat. These satyrs, Greek in their conception, are often confounded with the fauns of the Romans, creatures half-man and half-goat, the head, like that of the satyr, being horned.

Many other combinations of the human and the animal form may be met with: we have already referred to the sphinx, and

we may readily see the same idea again in the bovine or leonine monsters surmounted by human heads brought over from the mounds of Kyonjik and Khorsabad, the striking relics of the great Assyrian nation; or again, in the fine figures created by the Egyptian mythology, and largely represented in the collections of the British Museum.

Cerberus, the dog that guarded, according to the classic mythology, the entrance of Hades, is another form that may occasionally be found in Art. With Homer he is simply "the dog." Later writers describe him as a three-headed monster, having the tail of a serpent, and having serpents twined round his neck; and it is in this form that he is ordinarily represented in Art: with Virgil and Horace he is thus three-headed. Hesiod represents him as having fifty heads, while Horace and other poets speak of him as the many-headed, or hundred-headed. The bringing of Cerberus from the lower world was one of the twelve labours appointed to Hercules, and is naturally met with wherever these labours, as on vases or gems, are the subject of illustration.

The destruction of the Lernean Hydra, another of the labours imposed by Eurystheus on Hercules, being also frequently represented in antique Art, must not be passed over in silence. The Hydra was a monstrous serpent, having, according to some writers, one hundred heads, so that it could not be put to death, owing to the instant regrowth of any part cut off. Hercules, however, as soon as he had struck off each head, seared the root with a red-hot iron, and thus in time accomplished the destruction of the creature. By other writers the Hydra is only credited with the possession of nine heads; but the difficulty of the task is at least rendered equal to that of the preceding myth,



Fig. 20.

as of these nine heads the centre one was immortal, while as fast as the hero of the story struck off any of the other heads with his club two others grew in its place: fire was again resorted to, while the central head was buried beneath a huge rock. Having thus conquered the monster, he poisoned his arrows with its blood, the wounds inflicted by them being thenceforth incurable.

The Harpys, three in number, were creatures employed, according to the belief of the Greeks and Romans, by the higher gods as the instruments for the punishment of crime. Their body was that of a bird, the head being that of a woman. They are not unfrequently represented in classic Art; several examples of their introduction may be seen on vases in the British collection, and notably in some bas-reliefs from a monument brought from Xanthus, in Lycia, and commonly from these sculptures called "the Harpy tomb." It is very archaic in style, dating probably from about the sixth century before the Christian era.

The mermaid, wyvern, unicorn, basilisk, and salamander, need only be very briefly referred to. They are all forms that may commonly be met with in heraldic and other devices. The mermaid is half woman, half fish, and may frequently be found as either supporter or crest. The wyvern is a winged serpent, having the head of a dragon. The unicorn, so familiar to us all as one of the supporters of the royal arms, needs no explanation of its form. The basilisk, or king of the serpents, is ordinarily depicted in true serpentine form, though always crested or crowned. At other times it resembles a dragon, but with eagle's

legs and the head of a cock. It is by some writers considered as identical with the cockatrice. The salamander, a form like that of the lizard, was the well-known device of Francis I. of France, and it may frequently be met with carved on the palaces, government buildings, gateways, and other buildings in France. It was in the Middle Ages an article of belief that they were bred and nourished in fire, and we have ourselves been gravely told that if the fires at the iron-works in the midland counties were not occasionally extinguished, at some intangible date an uncertain but fearful something would be created in them.

We pass now to a consideration of more familiar and natural forms, leaving the shadowy regions of classic mythology, and the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition that hung over the Middle Ages, for a contemplation of those forms that are at least based on natural types, and that suggest something of the beneficence and wisdom of Deity, and not merely the perverted imaginings of minds enshrouded in ignorance and the wild conceits of their own creation.

The lion, not only from its abstract title, king of beasts, but also from its position in heraldry, and notably as the supporter of the royal arms and the representative of England, claims our first regard. It may be met with in all periods of Art, sometimes as a religious emblem, at other times to enhance human glory: sometimes, as in the magnificent beasts the creations of the genius of Landseer, as nearly naturalistic as good taste permits, at other times conventionalised to a degree that removes them almost beyond all recognition as in any way related to the monarch of the African bush. Fig. 16 is a good example of this rigid conventionalism of treatment; it is taken from the fine effigy of one of the brothers of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey. We have not confined ourselves strictly to heraldic accuracy in the colour shown, as our desire was rather to render the forms as distinct as possible, and that we were better able to effect by making the background somewhat darker than the heraldic *gules* justifies.

Only when the lion is rampant was he considered by the earlier heralds to deserve the name: a lion in the position of those three that represent England in its national arms, though in all respects represented as a lion, was by them called a leopard; thus, in the roll of Carlawerock, the royal arms are described as "three leopards of fine gold, set on red: fierce were they, haughty and cruel, to signify that like them the king is dreadful to his enemies; for his bite is slight to none who brave his anger." Students of history will also recall how Napoleon poured into the Peninsula a force under Massena, whose declared object was to make "the frightened leopard fly to the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and death." The allusion here is evidently heraldic. In Fig. 19, from a piece of old English china, and in Fig. 15, an example taken from a mediæval tile of French design and manufacture, we have two other illustrations of conventional treatment of the noble beast, who, in one of these instances at least, might well cry, "Save me from my friends." Fig. 17 is the heraldic representation of a true leopard, from a piece of Swiss glass in the South Kensington Museum; what freak of the herald may have deprived him of his tail we are unable to explain.

The horse, as one of the earliest servants and friends of man, figures freely in ornamental Art; we find it on many of the Greek coins, and very notably, too, in the grand procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, a band of bas-reliefs running entirely round the top of the external wall of the *cella*, and made up almost entirely of equestrian figures. Fig. 20 is a very conventional treatment from Pompeian decoration, while Fig. 18 is another classic example of its introduction. The celebrity of the horses of Thrace and Macedonia made them a coin type in those states. The *biga*, or two-horse chariot, and afterwards the *quadriga*, or four-horse chariot, is a very favourite device on many coins of Greece and her colonies; the horses are at first stepping, but afterwards the action is accelerated, until they are with great force and beauty represented in full gallop.

ART AND MANUFACTURES.



FEW things are more depressing to a sensitive mind than a glib oration about Art, which makes you feel an intense longing for the revival of Art, and yet lays it down as an axiom that the modern manufacturing spirit is utter death to what you are taught to desire. Several orations of this kind have been delivered of late, and they have received

high praise. But it seems to us that some of them have been calculated to do much mischief, and to retard the cause which the several speakers wished to advance. Art, they have said, is pure handicraft, and can never be anything else; it is impossible to restore the artistic spirit, as it once existed, when every workman was an artist, simply because he had nothing to aid him but his tools and his individual invention. The growth of mechanism has been so rapid, so overwhelming, that the region of pure handicraft grows less and less. When these facts are stated there is a pitiful wail of despair, as of a lost spirit, and it seems to be the duty of every one to begin a crusade against machinery and every form of mechanical production.

It may be frankly admitted that we can never return to the primitive conditions of production by simple hand-labour. Knowing what we do about the relations between work and life, and the immense gulf which separated class from class, and the limited range of ideas common to all, we cannot desire it. Any advances we may have made are due to processes, chiefly mechanical, which have diffused over a larger what was previously limited to a smaller area. Our modern books are rarely as artistic as the illuminated missals and manuscripts of antiquity, the work of patient and cunning fingers. We treasure these works still, but we never think of compounding for our admiration of them by pouring out our scorn upon the printing-press, even though it has made illumination a

rare and difficult art. The world has gained, in this case, far more than it has lost.

This illustration is only a sample of what has been proceeding in other departments of life. The region in which pure handicraft can exist is steadily narrowing. Indeed, it threatens to become so small as to leave what is called Fine Art only one or two provinces which can really be called its own. But surely, along with this contraction, there is an expansion also, which has in it some hopeful and brightening elements. There are vast grades in Art, and it is foolish to test the productions of an inferior grade by principles which should only apply to the higher ones. But this is a common fault, and it occasions the depression to which we have already referred. If there are articles of common use, which were formerly made by hand, but are now made by machinery, it is obviously unfair to deny to them some artistic merit because there is not in them that flavour of individual biography, that expression of personal character, which we are told is of the very essence of Art. "Portable Art—independent of all place—is, for the most part, ignoble Art," says Ruskin, whose authority will be at once admitted and respected. The distinction here made is as true of articles made by hand as it is of those made by mechanism. How is it possible any of these articles shall be informed with any high individual life? Now, manufactured articles—or articles produced by mechanism—are nearly all of this inferior character. Vases, crockery of all kinds, personal ornaments, articles of dress, are all portable, and for these, as Ruskin says, "you want forms of inferior Art, such as will be by their simplicity less liable to injury." It may be quite true that our manufacturers have not adequately understood what should be their limits of action. They have wandered into paths where simplicity is rare, and where splendour is the one governing idea. In this they have done violence to the

pure artistic spirit. But, if they have erred in so doing, it may be that it is as much because their teachers have misled them, as because the public taste is low and depraved. Any confusion, where clear direction ought to be given, is sure to be mischievous. It is here, we think, that many modern Art-teachers have failed in their duty. Their swelling periods and grand imaginings have betrayed designers and manufacturers into a belief that it was possible to put the finest of Fine Art workmanship and intention into articles in which a refined simplicity and the absence of conventionalism were the principal things to be kept steadily in view. We hear a good deal, of course, about "the mindless precision of manufactured articles," and "the coldness inseparable from mechanical production," but these are qualities infinitely to be preferred to the confused ornamentation and ambitious richness which are some of the consequences of our modern, and, it may be, our misinterpreted teaching. Let us admit grades of beauty as of utility, and we shall be relieved from the possible judgment of a lace curtain or a shawl, a piece of pottery or a bit of scroll-work, by principles legitimately applicable to a landscape-painting or an altar-piece.

The opponents of mechanism, as the destroyer of Art, considered as workmanship, with its biographical expression, are unjust to the manufacturing spirit in several ways. They forget that "where the manufactures are strongest there Art also is strongest." In fact, they rather suggest that Art would stand a better chance of impregnating an entire people if there were no industrial activities of the mechanical sort. Italy, however, is hardly a case in point, for there Art, of the handicraft kind, is abundant, but poor, and there are scarcely any manufactures, properly so called. The illustration, we are bound to say, is not our own. It is one we have borrowed from the great teacher we have already quoted more than once. The fine distinction is also missed which sheds so much light on the question, that though Art and manufacture are quite distinct things, to be followed separately, "Art may be healthily associated with manufacture, and probably in future will always be so." To deny the association is to ride a definition to death. The designer, whether he be concerned with lace, or shawls, or carpets, or pottery, or furniture, or paper-hangings, or ribbons, or jewellery-work, is, or ought to be, an artist, who has had a special training, and who is capable of genuine work of a sound, artistic sort. In looking at the finished result, some critics forget that it is the effect of a series of efforts, at the head of which there is individual originality. The machine hides the man.

Now we should like to ask whether some flavour of his personality is not possible in the work he conceives, even though his own hands do not busy themselves in the process of production? Hand and heart may have been busy. His design may show that study of natural facts which relieves it of conventionalism. There may be positive power in what he has conceived; but, because his work is copied a thousand times by a machine, working by a pattern and superintended by men and women who are also mere machines endowed with sentience, any Art quality is denied to it. Mechanical reproduction, it is said, is utter death. The justice of such a criticism is not apparent. Take a splendid picture, for example, a work of Religious Art, let us say. It is copied by an engraver, who stands at the head of a new series. He produces life-like engravings. Is it to be contended that these engravings shall have no artistic refining effect upon the beholder, because they have

been mechanically produced? Perhaps the case of a photograph would be equally good. The force of the original is not wholly there, but it is not wholly lost. Without such reproductions modern Art would almost be as selfishly restricted as was ancient Art. There could be none of that extension of range "to the comfort or relief of the mass of the people," the want of which has made the Art of the past, at its highest, coincident with the decay of the States in which it existed. The criticism, moreover, seems to rule out a bronze statue from the kingdom of Art altogether, because the sculptor is not also the mechanical producer. Landseer's lions, as we see them, were not the final product of his own hands; but surely the fact that some one else cast them does not obscure the value of his work! Had there been five hundred of them, so long as they were faithful copies of his model they would have been all works of Art. Copies of designs, of pictures, of vases, of groups of statuary, will hardly possess the same precise qualities as would still have been left in the five hundredth copy of one of Landseer's lions; but it would be absurd to say of them that they have no value, as a means of Art-education or refinement.

Two great misfortunes follow the direct attack upon all kinds of manufactured articles for their lack of the highest Art. There is, first, the degradation of the workman, in whom the association between Art and manufactures ought to be marked and vital, full of healthfulness and elevation of spirit. If the whole region of his activity is to be labelled "Death," how can he be expected to cultivate any of the arts of life? Much as he may try to put into his work a better spirit, he is met by the reproach that he is not and cannot be an artist. What he may design may be precise, harmonious, full of a certain kind of character, but he is at once brought up in front of the tremendous wall he cannot scale, and there rings in his ears some such saying as this: "The man who carves a rude figure on a wooden bowl is an artist, but you are not." If Art is to have any refining effect in the whole range of an increasing manufacturing energy, it is not by sneering at its producers and productions that the work will be accomplished.

The second effect is, that a possible source of Art-education, even of an inferior kind, as it may be, is cut off from the people by delivering them over to the mindless productions of this chamber of death. Where designs are low, coarse, conventional, and always under the eye, constituting the very investiture of daily life, there can be no touch of refinement possible to be received from external things. Art is inferior, we learn, because our external life, our streets, squares, chimneys, make it so mean, so destitute of pictures for the eyes or subtle impressions for the other senses. Is the home then to be also destitute of fair forms and harmonious colours and suggestive designs? If Art is to have the influence, the imposing spirit attributed to it, it must not be overcome by the hindrances of mechanism. It must overthrow its worst enemy. Fine Art can never be associated with certain lifeless processes. The human fingers are more cunning than the most complicated of machines. But it is with common every-day elements that any power must hope to work most mightily; and when Art has acquired its proper right of ruling over manufactures, not as a tyrant, but as an elder sister, we may have fewer complaints of unsound workmanship and more abundant evidences of genuine good taste.

EDWIN GOADBY.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

XI.

THE most noticeable piece, in the group of articles in our selection from the Swedish exhibit at the great Exhibition, is a large and beautiful porcelain fire and mantel piece. This is of white and blue porcelain, and of elaborate architectural design, the whole being ornamented with a great variety of medallions and panels, and very richly decorated. In the centre of the chimney-piece stands a graceful vase. This beautiful and exceptional piece

of ceramic work is fourteen feet in height, and was bought by Mr. Astor, of New York. The candelabrum shown in the group is of porcelain, and one of a pair, designed to go with the chimney-piece.

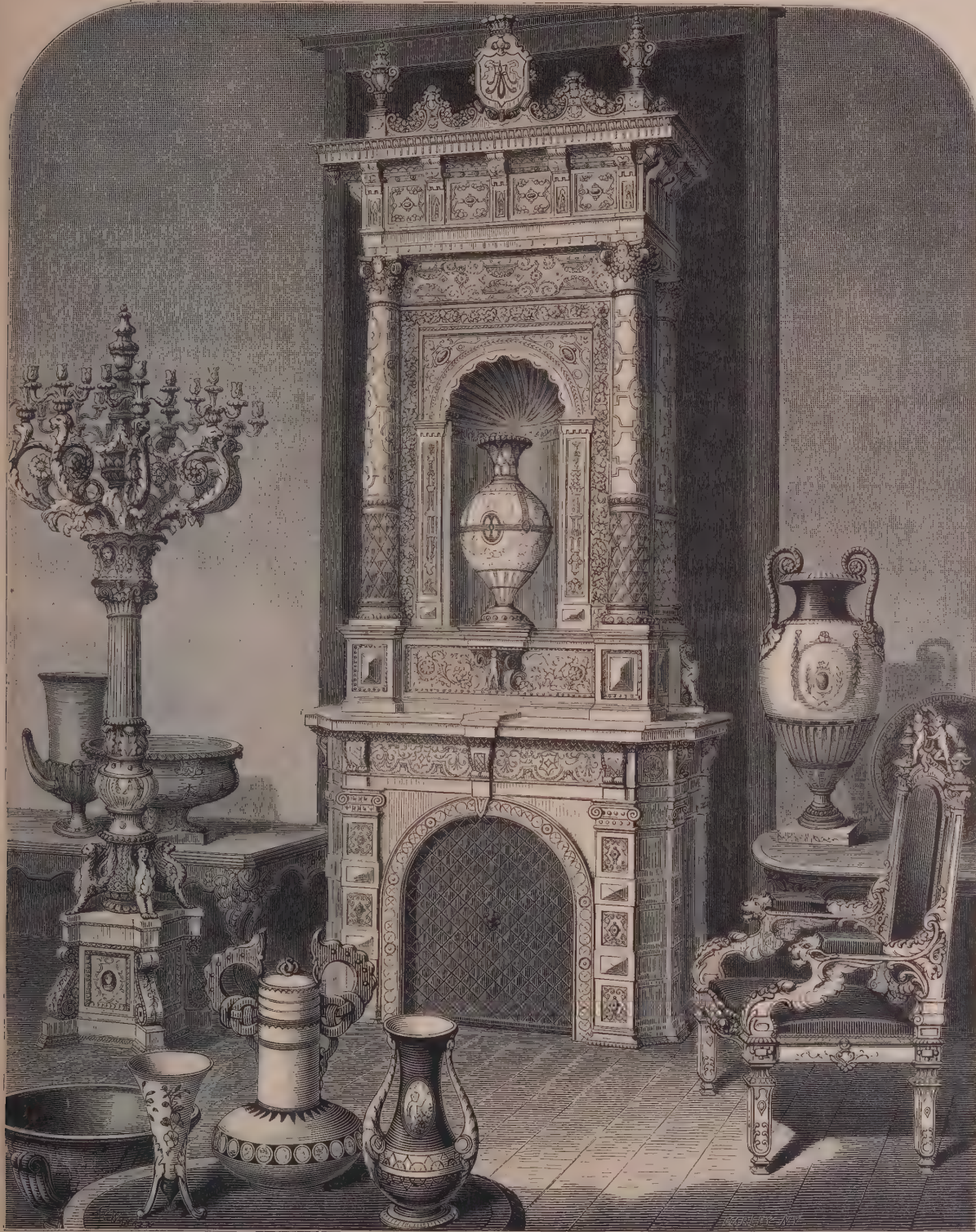
The Swedish Art-contributions, though specific enough as indicating national feeling and colour, were essentially the fruit of modern culture, and were only incidentally linked to that past



ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

history and character-development which fill the old record of the Scandinavian people with wild and stirring romance. A partial exception might be made to this in the 'Viking Vase,' one of the

most quaint and beautiful of ceramic pieces exhibited in the Swedish court. The large diameter of the vase is encircled by a band of medallions, illustrating the principal periods of the robust and



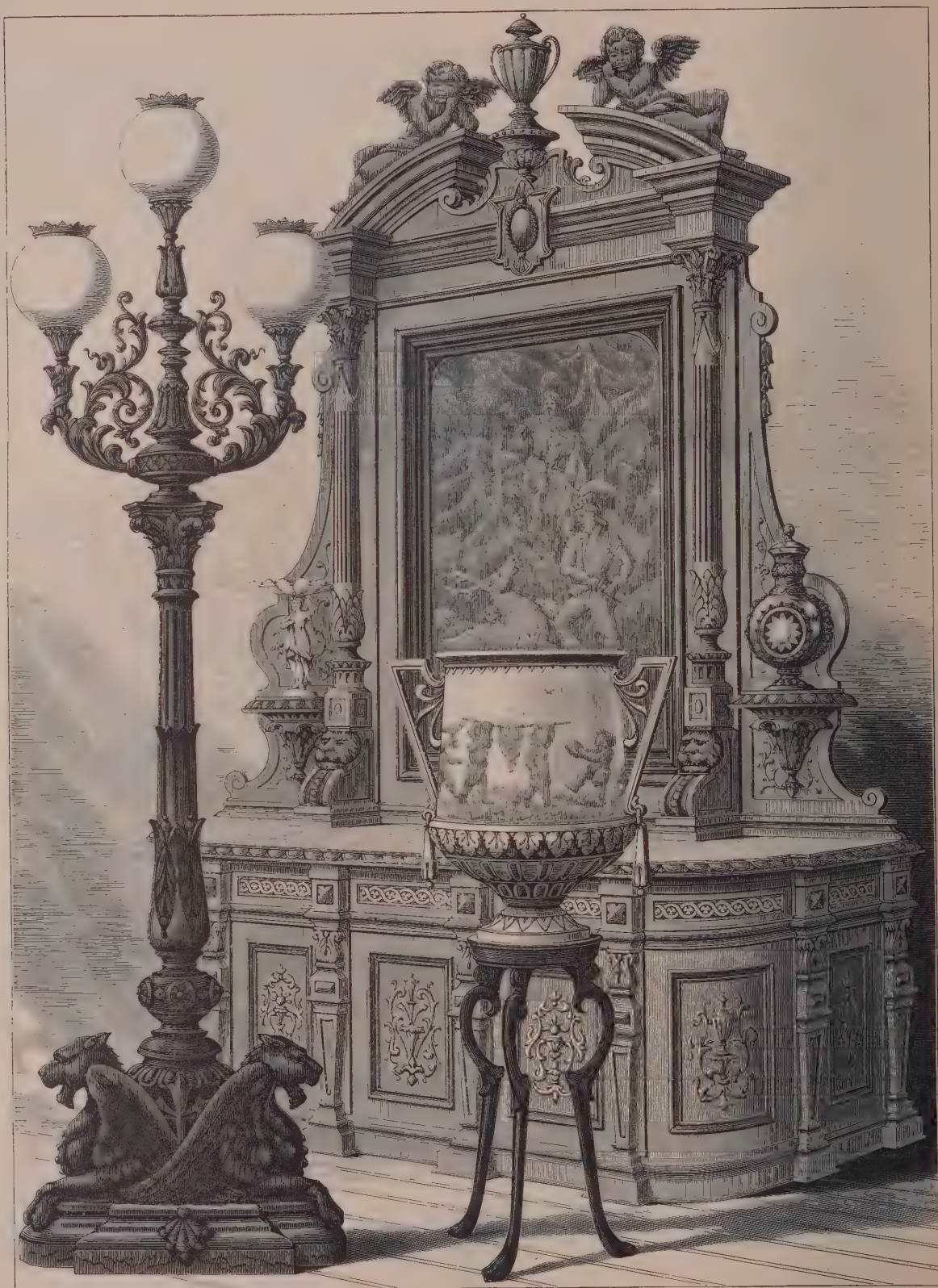
Selections from the Swedish Exhibit.

stormy life of the old viking. As an infant, he is seen playing with his father's sword, which he himself is soon destined to wield. Next, he slays his first bear; and again we see the young hero emerging from his first human battle, where he wins his spurs as a

man-killer. Then we have successively 'the first voyage;' the first storming of a town; and so on, to the *finale*. In the last are represented the dead hero's grave and monument. The work is admirably conceived and executed. The vase is about two feet in

height, and the handles are fashioned in quaint folds and twists, like those of the body of the sea-horse.

The various styles of ceramic ware, mostly decorated porcelain, of which Sweden furnished so much that was noticeable to the



Selections from the German Exhibit.

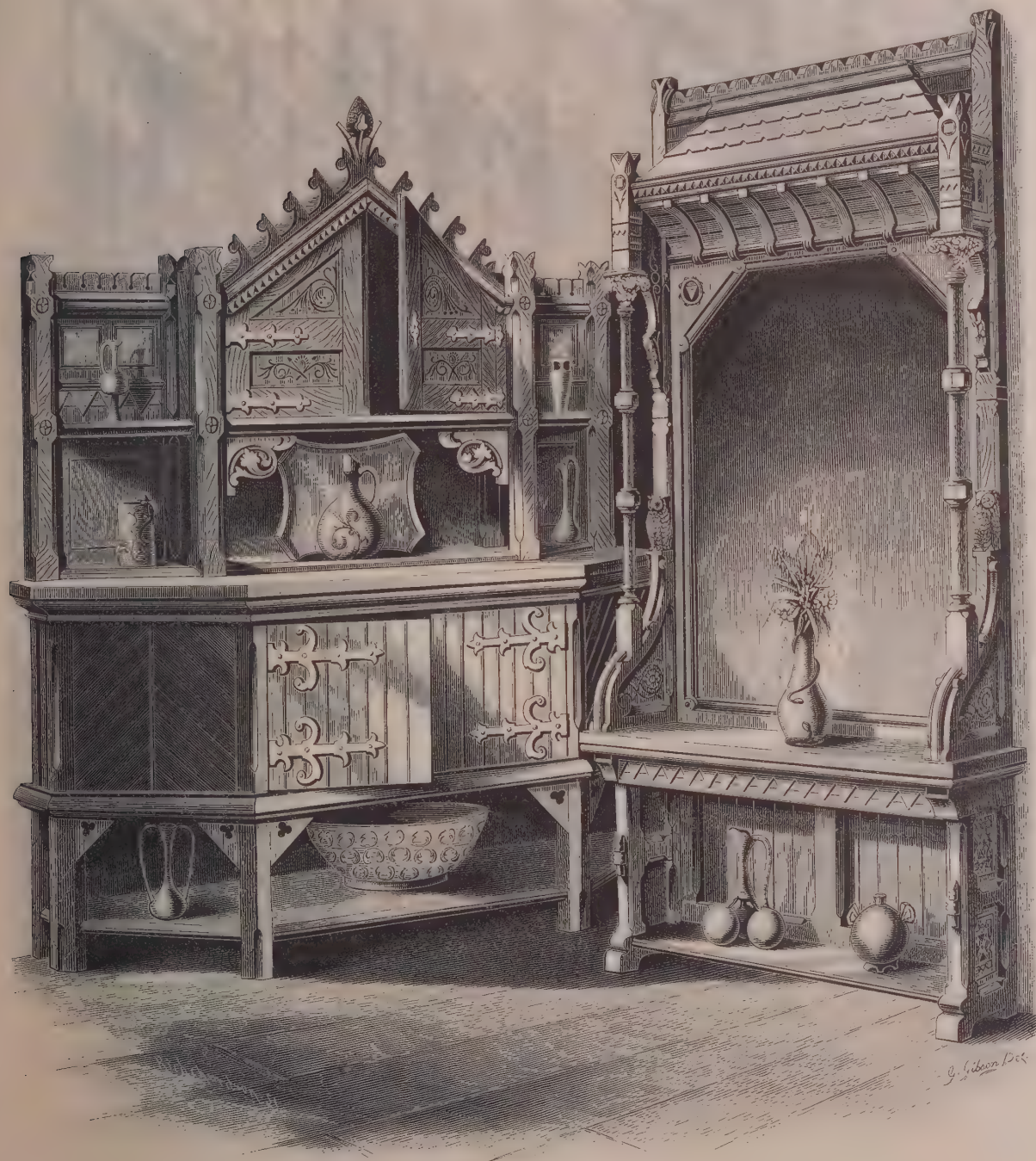
Exhibition, are indicated in our illustration. The chair in the foreground is of oak, superbly carved, and one of the most artistic

and noticeable of its kind that came within the view of the Centennial visitor.

Among the most noteworthy objects of an Art-character in the German exhibit was a large and imposing buffet made wholly of oak, and put together with wooden screws and pegs, no glue being used. The ornamented portions were highly polished, so as to reduce the grain of the wood. Perhaps the most striking feature

of the structure was the carved hunting-scene on the main panel, which was so artistically executed and highly finished that it resembled a painting in neutral tint.

In the foreground of the illustration are a large and noble gas-standard of bronze—a beautiful example of casting, the panels



Furniture from Cincinnati.

in high-relief, richly burnished—and an urn upon a tripod, of porcelain, beautifully panelled.

Some good examples of what is known as the Eastlake furniture were contributed by the Mitchell and Rammeldeng Furniture Co., of Cincinnati. These pieces were perhaps the severest examples of the Eastlake school of design of any shown at the Exhibition.

Both the pieces given in our illustration are of plain oak, and burnished steel hinges relieve the heavy sideboard of all tameness of character. The mirror supplies us with a good instance of beautiful results of this kind of work in lighter pieces. More massive and heavy, the decoration of the companion-piece is carefully subdued to suit its prevailing tone, and gives satisfactory evidence

that the designer was fully awake to the fact that one of the chief aims of his art is the preservation of harmony between the design and the ornamentation. A widely different result in the same school of Art is to be seen in the communion-table, which was exhibited by the Paine Manufacturing Company, of Boston. The

body is oak, with plain finish, and the ornamental parts are of olive-wood brought from the Mount of Olives. At the corners the table is supported by plain pillars, and between those at the ends the spaces are filled by a Gothic arch, under the spans of which are incised crosses. The lower end-beams are joined by a massive cross-



Communion-Table from Boston.

beam, running under the ends and similarly ornamented with an olive-wood medallion, incrusting on the oak with an incised cross. A rounded arch is thrown over it from end to end, of a style as nearly resembling those at the ends as its wider span will permit. The decoration is restricted to olive-wood, carved in the simplest

form, and either sunk in the oak or applied in relief. On the front-panel under the edge are the words 'In remembrance of Me.' The end-panels are ornamented with insertions of olive, and a broad band of the same wood forms a border for the surface of the table.

UNGLAZED POTTERY.

By CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.



SO ancient is the potter's art that it may be said to have begun with the beginnings of man. A belief exists still in Silesia that there is a mountain out of which cups and jugs spring spontaneously, as the mushrooms shoot from the moist soil of the plains. Interwoven, then, as pottery is with the history of the race, having relations daily and hourly with man's universal and greatest vocation—the preparation of the food which supports and continues *life*—it has had and will have an interest as vital as it is wide-spread.

MAN A COOKING ANIMAL.—Man is the only cooking animal, so far as I know. It is easy to believe that archaic man, when he

few traces of man. The remains of the lake-dwellers have been found most in Switzerland, but somewhat in Ireland and Scotland. These reveal a people who built their huts for safety upon piles or



Fig. 2.—Bowl of the Stone Age.

began to evolve from the animal state, at once began to invent, and that, after he had discovered the uses of fire, the first need was of vessels which could be used upon the fire to seethe and boil.

And what do we find?

THE REINDEER AGE—THE STONE AGE.—In prehistoric times, when the reindeer roved free over Europe, even to the shores of



Fig. 3.—Vase of the Stone Age.

the Mediterranean, in the Stone age, even when man lived in caves and was only able to fashion things with stones, a single pot has been found, showing how early his wants led him to fashion things of clay.

The LACUSTRINE DWELLINGS of the *Stone age* have given a

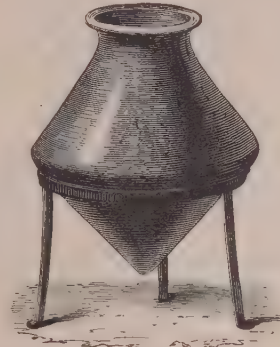


Fig. 4.—Vase of the Bronze Age.

fascines anchored in the small lakes. A variety of interesting things, consisting of spear-heads, knives, hatchets, &c., &c., have been found, some of flint, some of bone, and some of bronze. Among these, which pertain to our subject, are a few pots of clay, which have survived the gnawing tooth of Time.

In Figs. 2 and 3 are to be seen two of these. They are coarse

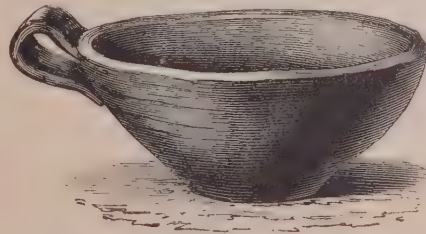


Fig. 5.—Vase of the Bronze Age.

and clumsy, and are of blackish-grey clay, hardened in the sun or in an insufficient fire. They are not turned upon a wheel, but show marks of the fingers impressed in the soft clay. Yet we cannot but be struck with the faint attempt at decoration to be seen on the foot of one of them, even in that era of savageness.

The BRONZE AGE yields up pottery which does not yet show



Fig. 6.—Bronze Age.

the invention of the potter's wheel. The work is still moulded by the hand, but the clay is better, and the forms begin to show clear indications of a sense of proportion and a considerable degree of

choice. The shapes are in greater variety, and some of them certainly are good. Of the five examples (Figs. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8) none are very bad, and two (Figs. 4 and 5), if not three, are excellent.

The pointed bottom appears here as it does in the early forms of the Greek amphora; and, as the illustrations show, this involves a necessity for a further invention in the tripods upon which they rest. I have seen no explanation of this more difficult con-

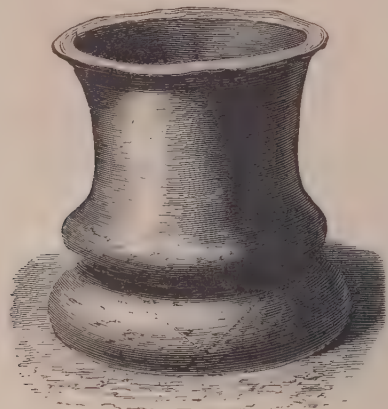


Fig. 7.—Bronze Age.

struction, and can think of none. It is certainly no easier to make the pointed than the flat bottom, and it certainly is not so useful. Why, then, was it so common? I can only suppose that when *first* made the point was intended to be thrust into the ground; but the moment they had hit upon the flat bottom, that moment the point, I should fancy, would have been abandoned; but it evidently was not. Perhaps they loved the *old* as some of us do, not because it was good, but *because it was old*. Who can tell?

How early the attempt at decoration showed itself we cannot

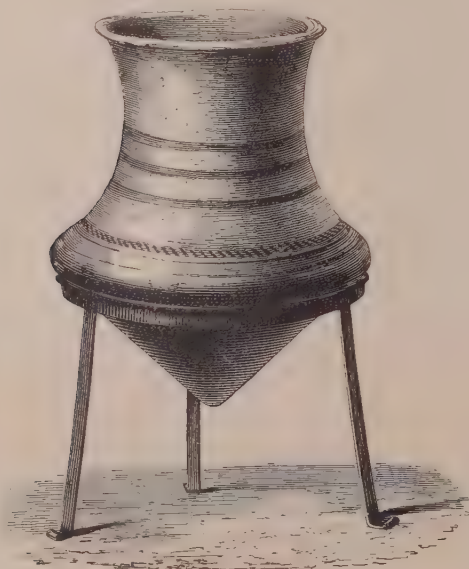


Fig. 8.—Bronze Age.

know, but in many examples of early fictile work, the meander, the chevron or saw-tooth, and the fret, now called the Greek fret, are sure to appear—and among the most diverse and distant nations; so, too, the forms and the uses of the vessels.

Do not these things show that man develops everywhere along a corresponding line? They have not copied from one another, but a like want has produced a similar result in all.

As we approach the historic ages, we find among the Egyptians,

the Mexicans, the Peruvians, the Greeks, the Assyrians, the Romans, the Gauls, the Germans, the use of the potter's wheel, one of the earliest machines made by man. Of the Egyptian and



Fig. 9.—Peruvian.

Greek pottery I shall have something to say in an article upon the "*Greek Vase*."



Fig. 10.—Peruvian.

The MEXICAN pottery, sometimes called *Aztec*, is usually of reddish clay, and the vessels are almost identical in form and deco-



Fig. 11.—Ancient Peru.

ration with those of the Peruvians, which will appear farther on. They are of great variety, and must have been made in great numbers. The Mexicans also made grotesques and idols of clay,

which are usually hideous, and are intended to be; for the gods of evil were those they feared and worshipped most. These potteries are of unglazed clay, as are all those we now are treating.



Fig. 12.—Ancient Peru.



Fig. 13.—Ancient Peru.

The civilisations which organised themselves in Mexico have always been an interesting and curious study. When Cortez and

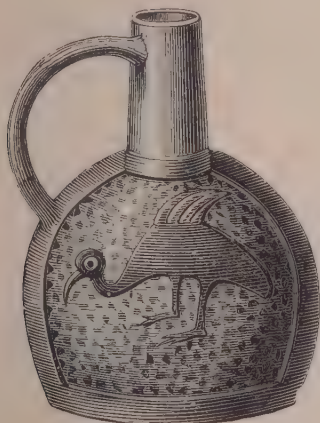


Fig. 14.—Ancient Peru.

his conquering, gold-seeking white men reached the high lands of the beautiful interior (1517), they found the splendid city of Mexico,



Fig. 15.—Ancient Peru.

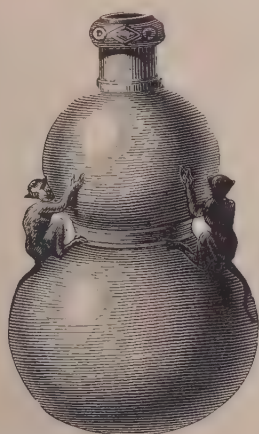


Fig. 16.—Ancient Peru.

built over and along the shores of the inland lake, and stretching towards the foot-hills which protect it from unfriendly winds. Here the Aztecs had organised society. They had succeeded to the Tol-

tecs, which had been a prosperous, and probably a peaceful people—a people coming from the warmer South, which could not cope with the more hardy Aztecs, who came down from the North.



Fig. 17.—Roman Cup.

These Aztecs had not only developed the arts of architecture and painting, as well as most of the mechanic arts; they had also reached to a literature, to laws, to a religion most elaborate and splendid; and they had not neglected to conquer and tax surrounding tribes, and make them pay tribute, as all the "great" white nations of the world have done. But all their civilisations, laws,



Fig. 18.—Roman Vase.

religions, arts, were swept into ruin by the conquering hand of Cortez and his successors.

And what have we now in Mexico? What has come of the destruction of the great Indian races there? What but greed,



Fig. 19.—Roman Vase found at London.

anarchy, cruelty, ruin? It would be a curious speculation now to picture what that country—the most beautiful and most bountiful—might now be in the hands of its own people, and with a govern-



Fig. 20.—Vase. Pottery of Ancient Gaul.



Fig. 21.—Pottery of Ancient Gaul.

ment which could protect life and make labour safe. As it is, its life and its art give us nothing to look at or to enjoy.

Must man always destroy first in order that he may build up, and he then be himself destroyed? No remains have come to us of glazed pottery belonging to these times; and it is probable that their wants being fewer, their climate being milder, and their food simpler, invention was not on the alert as it might have been in a colder and harder climate. That these races were for some unknown reason superior to those living farther to the north, none will doubt



Fig. 22.—Ancient Gaul.

when they know what they accomplished as compared with the Indians of the United States.

The PERUVIANS were the most cultivated and comfortable nation upon the Western Continent when Pizarro (1531) invaded, and, I may say, destroyed them. Indeed, when we read the accounts given of them by the Spanish writers themselves, we have only another proof that what we call "carrying to other peoples the blessings of civilisation and Christianity" means rather the cursing them with cruelty and greed.

A large collection of their pottery was shown at the United States



Fig. 23.—Ancient Gaul.



Fig. 24.—Ancient Gaul.

Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, and there is a sufficient and most interesting exhibit of it in the Peabody Museum at Harvard in Cambridge. In this collection, also, are to be found many examples of like unglazed pottery found in the *Western mounds* of the United States by Professors Shaler and Carr, who for some years have been engaged in researches in Kentucky and at other points in the West.

Upon some examples of this American pottery (Figs. 9 to 16) are to be seen decorations in colour, mostly red, black, and brown; and it would seem impossible that these colours should have lasted through so many centuries, if they were not fixed by fire, and therefore were mineral.

The decorations, too, were somewhat varied, but in none which I have seen do they go beyond the elementary styles I have already mentioned.

The production of idols and fantastic vases, animals and grotesques, must have been extensive, as so many of these have already been found; indicating, that they must have been common in their day. Examples of this fantastic decoration and modelling are seen in Figs. 13 to 16—and in Fig. 15 is an approach to portraiture. In one, Fig. 16, is seen the double-bellied bottle, so much in use in China and Japan. The twin-bottles seen in Figs. 9 and 10 are good examples of a fancy which evidently pleased potter and people in those "good old Peruvian times."

A most singular fact is mentioned by Demmin, that on one of their *casserole*s the handle is clearly the phallus, symbol of life, found on Egyptian sculptures, and once worshipped.

One curious fact is asserted by the French *savants*,* that there is abundant evidence to show that, through a long succession of years, perhaps three thousand, the character of these American potteries grew less and less pure and simple, and more and more debased and vulgar; which one can well believe, when we see everywhere that whole nations, some of them calling themselves civilised, have gone the same road, downward from the good to the bad, and not upward towards the true, and the beautiful.

The opening of the CESNOLA collections, at the New York Museum of Arts, shows us a vast number of early potteries which are as yet hardly classified or understood. Many of them bear marks

of Assyrian or of Phœnician inspiration; and among them are rude vessels closely resembling those of Peru, and also many grotesque forms of vases and animals, such as mark the early attempts at Art in other nations. That collection should be examined by those who are interested in this subject.

The handbook published by the Museum is full of condensed information, and should be carefully preserved.

The pottery of the ROMANS went wherever their armies went. It is thus found in France, in England, in Germany, in Spain, &c., &c. This Roman pottery has been found where excavations have been made, in Italy, in France, in England, along the Rhine, and in other places. It is distinguished as being more heavy and clumsy in form than that made in Greece, and the colour of the clay is red, lighter or darker. The best of the Roman ware is often called *Samian*, because it was supposed to resemble that made at Samos in Greece, though it is quite different. The finest pieces approach to the colour of sealing-wax, and have a lustre thin and brilliant, which has given rise to some dispute whether or not it is the result of an applied mineral varnish, or whether it is the result of careful hand-friction, developed and perfected by a high heat. The varnish, if such, is so thin that it has not been possible to analyse and decide upon it.

This red Samian or Roman much resembles the polished red ware made to-day in Egypt—of which a collection was shown in the recent Philadelphia Exhibition—which bore no varnish.

One thing remarked as to this Roman pottery is—that it is never decorated with designs or ornaments in one or more colours. The decoration is sometimes incised, and more often is in relief. This is curious, too, as those master-potters the Greeks used colours on their figures. These pieces are to be seen in the museums of Paris, London, and elsewhere. The example engraved (Fig. 17) is a cup on which the decoration is in relief, and the fillets and bands are carefully moulded on the potter's wheel.

Figs. 18 and 19 were found in excavations made in the city of London, and are excellent examples of this pottery. They were found in the year 1845, and are in the Museum of Geology at London.



Fig. 25.—Ancient German.



Fig. 26.—German Pottery.

Fig. 27.—German Pottery.

Fig. 28.—German Pottery.

Fig. 18 is a sort of vase, or perhaps a drinking-cup, and is ornamented with the head of an animal. It is described as of "a pale red with a darkish-brown varnish."

Fig. 19 is called the 'Cup of Samos,' resembling so much as it does the work made at Samos. While these pieces were found

in the earth beneath the city of London, many others have been found elsewhere, and much is believed to have been made at the old Anglo-Roman town of Caistre, in England, where remains of many furnaces have been found.

Roman pottery has also been found on the banks of the Rhine, near Bonn, Coblenz, Mayence, in Baden, &c., &c.; in France, at Auvergne, and at other points.

* See Demmin, *Guide*, &c., p. 130.

This finer work is supposed to date about the first century of our era. It is classed by M. Demmin as being made at *Arezzo*, the ancient Aretium in Tuscany.

COMMONER styles of Roman pottery were made, and many examples of these have been found of a coarser clay, and varying in colour, grey, black, and yellow, or light paleish red; sometimes with a black or brown varnish. These were doubtless made for the common uses of the kitchen. The drinking-cups of this pottery often bore inscriptions, such as *Ave*, welcome; *Vivas*, live; *Bibe*, drink; *Vive, bibe multum*, live and drink much, &c., &c.

Pottery was undoubtedly made by the Saxons, the Scandinavians, the Gauls, and the Germans, before the coming of Roman armies and Roman potters. Of these early remains examples have been found in the *barrows* of England, and in other excavations.

M. Cleuziou published a work in 1872, "*La Poterie de Gauloise*,"* warmly and strenuously claiming for the Gauls an art and a pottery before the coming of the all-grasping Romans; who, he asserts, not only stole their country, but also have claimed to be their benefactors and civilisers when they were not. I cannot, of course, discuss the question here. The engravings given (Figs. 20,

21, 22, 23, 24) are quoted by M. Figuiet, from whom I take them as examples of this early and curious work. Some of these certainly seem to indicate an inspiration, original and quite different from what we see among the Romans. Later, and after the coming of the Romans, there were produced in Gaul vases and other articles, which may well be called "*Gallo-Romaine*," or *Gallic-Roman*.

The GERMAN potters also produced large quantities of pottery at a very early day, which has a character of its own. That it must have been very extensively made and used is evident from the quantities found in the earth in various parts of Germany; in such numbers, indeed, that the peasantry have a profound belief that they are the work of the dwarfs, and that they sprout spontaneously like mushrooms, as I have said. The examples we present are more simple than most of the Roman work, and the decoration is more severe. (Figs. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.)

Pots, vases, and children's toys, are also found in tombs in various parts of Germany, some of which show decided marks of Art.

In these are sometimes found the ashes of the dead, in others bones broken up, and so preserved.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

WATCH AND WARD.

(Frontispiece.)

W. A. BOUGUEREAU, Painter.

GUSTAVE N. BERTINOT, Sculptor.



BOUGUEREAU'S pencil was never more charmingly inspired than when employed on the composition of the homelike picture, 'Watch and Ward,' which has been so spiritedly engraved by the French engraver, Bertinot. Bouguereau has painted so many Italian women and children, that the introduction of a pretty American, or English woman, perhaps, as a guardian angel for one of his sleeping babes, will be accepted with pleasure by his admirers, and as a relief from his so often repeated stories. Nothing can be more charming than the figure of the sleeping child, or the thoughtful face of the young mother who is watching over it. The original picture is owned by Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of this city, and was one of the most admired works in the New York Centennial Loan Exhibition last summer.

MACBETH.

A. JOHNSTON, Painter.

C. W. SHARPE, Engraver.

MR. JOHNSTON introduces Macbeth, who has just accomplished "the bloody business," standing before his wife, still holding the daggers as he communicates to her the welcome intelligence, "I have done the deed," looking all the while like a maniac as he calls to mind what he has done, and the fearful circumstances which accompanied the murder either actually or in his fancy.

The scene is one which, as set forth by the poet, would tax the power of the greatest master of expression in the art of painting: that Mr. Johnston has failed fully to realise it is mainly due to the almost insuperable difficulties of the situation; he should have had Mrs. Siddons and her brother John Kemble before him to serve as models. However, he has imparted to the subject considerable dramatic effect; but Mr. Johnston's strength lies more in quiet domestic scenes, and in history of a like character, than in those which speak of "battle, and murder, and sudden death."

ALBERT.

Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

THIS, to speak metaphorically, is the jewel to contain which the magnificent shrine known as the "Albert Memorial" was erected

in Hyde Park, London. The history of the statue may be thus briefly told:—

The work was originally given for execution to the late Baron Marchetti, who produced a large model, which was placed experimentally on the pedestal in April, 1857. Its effect not being considered satisfactory, the baron commenced another model, but he died in 1867, without completing his design; this also was not deemed by the committee of a character to meet the requirements of the case, and then the Queen placed the commission for another statue in the hands of Mr. Foley. In the summer of 1870 his full-sized model was placed on a pedestal for the better opportunity of studying its effect in relation to its surroundings, and was subsequently removed back to the sculptor's studio. A severe attack of illness in the spring of the following year prevented him from proceeding with his work; but, on recovering, he at once resumed his labours with all the energy and vigour of his character, working on the figure to an extent which severely taxed his weakened *physique*. At the date of his death, in 1874, not only was the model completed, but the head and hands were cast in bronze, and successfully chased under his own personal inspection. On Mr. Foley's decease, in 1874, the casting of the remaining portions of the work, by Messrs. Prince and Co., Southwark, was resumed under the responsibility of the sculptor's friend and executor, Mr. G. F. Teniswood, which process, followed by the most careful chasing of the entire surface, was completed by the end of the next year. At the beginning of 1876 the colossal figure, weighing nearly ten tons, was fixed in its assigned position, and gilded in accordance with the contract between the committee and the sculptor, the Queen having, on the 9th of March, inspected the work.

In the attitude and expression, the aim of the sculptor undoubtedly was to embody, with the individuality of portraiture, rank, character, and enlightenment; and to convey a sense of that responsive intelligence which indicates an active rather than a passive interest in those pursuits of civilisation illustrated in the surrounding figures, groups, and *relievi*.

From an Art point of view, the statue is grand in form, regal in bearing, and masterly in its lines of composition. The Prince is represented in the rich robes and with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and holding in his right hand the catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The figure, if standing, would measure nineteen feet in height; and yet, notwithstanding its huge actual size, it has, by its admirable proportions in arrangement to surrounding quantities, the aspect of being little more than heroic in stature. It is greatly to be regretted that the gifted sculptor should not have lived to see this, almost his latest, and certainly among his greatest works of portrait-sculpture, in its splendid resting-place.

* *La Poterie de Gaulois, Description de la Collection Charvet, par Henri du Cleuziou. Paris, 1872.*

ALEXANDER WAGNER.



WAGNER, the Munich professor and historical painter, came prominently into public notice at the Vienna Exposition in 1873. His name was already well known in Germany and Austria, but his 'Roman Chariot-Race' was a message to the Art-loving people of the whole world. The show-windows of Europe and America are still indices of his popularity. It is more than doubtful if the duplicate 'Chariot-Race,' which was exposed at the Centennial Exhibition, enhanced his reputation in this country. It was twice the size of the original, but plainly an inferior picture, in point of colouring and execution.

ALEXANDER WAGNER was born at Pesth, the capital of Hungary, April 16, 1838. At nineteen he completed the collegiate course at the Pesth Gymnasium, and set out for Vienna with the intention of becoming an artist. It was the year 1857. Before its close he had turned his back on Austria, and, attracted by the fame of Kaulbach and Piloty, had procured admission to the Munich Academy of Art. His natural abilities and aptness to learn won for him the notice of Carl von Piloty, the chief of the new historical school. He studied under Piloty's direction till 1864, and in 1866, at the early age of twenty-eight, was appointed to a professorship in the Academy. Wagner's character is forceful. His tall and slender figure is straight, and possessed of a wiry vigour. His dark eyes flash Hungarian fire and ambition. The experience and study which have won for him an early foretaste of renown, have also sprinkled the silver prematurely in his hair and beard. Wagner is not so wedded to his art as to be averse to society, in which he is not more conspicuous than his wife, who is noted for her beauty, even among beautiful Munichian women.

The Piloty school, in which Wagner's artistic faculties were trained, will always occupy a conspicuous place in Munich history. Piloty has the rare gift as a master of imbuing his pupils with his own intense enthusiasm and sense of Art-technism. He does not attempt to mould his pupils too closely after himself. He has famous pupils because he is a shrewd judge of artistic capabilities. It would seem as if Piloty's influence had been to discourage likeness, and to cultivate individual differences in his pupils. Hans Makart finds expression for his intense artistic feeling mainly through his distinguishing talent for colour. Alexander Wagner loves his *technique*, but his ruling passion is to get at the mingled physical and spiritual life, the action, the soul of a conception, and he subordinates all else to its portrayal. Gabriel Max derived much of the strength and freshness of his palette from his master. His conceptions took a strongly individual form. He has been accused of morbid sentimentalism. The fascinating power of his pictures would seem to depend on a subject involving realism or fancy more or less revolting, but having a strong hold on the sympathies, as witness in his 'Anatomist,' 'The Last Token,' 'Walpurgis-Night,' and 'Light.' It is known that Piloty, while admiring the artistic execution of his pupil, banters him on the ghastly sentimentalism of his subjects. "What horror now?" Piloty in substance asks when told by Max that he has begun a new picture. David Neal, the American pupil, most closely resembles the master. His latest and best painting, called 'The First Meeting between Marie Stuart and Rizzio,' shows both individuality and a touch of the romanticism of a new generation one remove from Piloty. This picture obtained the medal, the first distinction of the kind ever won by an American artist on the Continent of Europe.

Wagner has shown unflagging activity and much originality. Among his larger works may be mentioned 'An Episode of the Siege of Belgrade,' and a portrait of the Empress, both in the National Museum at Pesth; 'Departure of the Queen Isab-Zapolya,' belonging to the Hungarian Academy; 'Baptism of Stephen I., King of Hungary,' owned by the Frau von Bezerezy; a *genre* picture of the time of the Renaissance, in the possession of the banker Stieglitz of St. Petersburg; 'Hussar-Life,' owned in Paris; 'Mädchenraub,' owned in America; a scene from Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen,' owned in Leipzig; a *genre* picture

of the year 1848, which hangs in the Casino at Arad. Wagner painted next three large pictures in fresco. Two of them, entitled 'Entrance of Gustavus Adolphus into Aschaffenburg' and the 'Marriage of Otto the Illustrious,' are on the walls of the National Museum at Munich. The third, called 'The Tournament of Mathias Corvinus,' decorates a public building at Pesth. What Wagner calls an 'Architectural Landscape' is owned by Prince Luitpold of Bavaria. A painting illustrating the life of the Turcos in the casemates of Ingolstadt preceded his most conspicuous work, the 'Roman Chariot-Race,' which attracted so much notice at Vienna, and which was purchased by an English gentleman.

The points of difference in composition and treatment between the Vienna 'Chariot-Race' and its Philadelphia counterpart are numerous, aside from size, the most notable being the absence in the latter of the canopy which in the Vienna painting covers the throne of the Emperor Domitian. The original was painted in a scale of subdued tones, while some of the colour-effects in the repetition seem crude and theatrical. If Wagner had taken any pride in exhibiting the Philadelphia 'Chariot-Race,' it would, doubtless, have been catalogued with the German exhibit and properly hung. One is left unpleasantly to conjecture that it was one of those commercial speculations for which the art-dealers are frequently more to blame than the artists. The art-dealers conveniently speak of the Vienna picture as "the sketch." It was complete enough, in execution and finish, to satisfy the Art-critics at Vienna. Possibly Wagner reproduced the picture in the expectation of painting a more beautiful and effective one. The size of the Philadelphia canvas is evidence of an ambitious project. But the ambition savours more of the art-dealer, commercially, than of the artist, heavenly. To one who had seen the original it was impossible to disassociate it mentally from the idea of a centennial "machine," which should literally "astonish the natives." But the greatest masters may fail as copyists, even when they attempt to repeat themselves. It baffles both the artist who created, and the skilled copyist, to duplicate the life of a picture to the individual power and nicety with which it came from the artist's mind, warm with the glow of the imagination. The limitations of the creative faculty are to be considered in passing judgment on the works of an artist when he has attempted to repeat himself. What would not the artistic world produce that were grand and thrilling if only the connoisseurs and critics consented to put *their* imagery and *their* enthusiasm to canvas? They seem to say to the artists whom they surround, in the spirit of the candle, too indolent to burn, to the setting sun, "If I were you I would shine both night and day!"

The photographs taken from the original painting were numerous until recently, when their importation was partially stopped, the camera having been turned on the Philadelphia picture. It would not be uncomplimentary to Wagner's genius to suggest that in his first 'Chariot-Race' he accomplished more than he undertook. We fancy that he sought to give a poetic, half-realistic picture of the Circus Maximus and the Roman chariot-race, as they really were. He did at the same time represent all that the lively and partial imagination of the world had hoped they were. Roman feeling and passion have well-nigh possessed the world for two thousand years. In the 'Roman Chariot-Race,' Wagner attained the "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" as to thrilling sports and harmless rivalry.

The success of the 'Chariot-Race' led Wagner to select a somewhat similar subject for his next picture. It is called '*Debrecziner Csikos-Rennen*,' racing among the horse-herders of Debreczin. The picture is effective in its dramatic qualities, and strongly flavoured with provincialism, which Wagner, being a native Hungarian, knew full well how to utilise. Next to Pesth, Debreczin is the leading city of Hungary. It is situated almost in the heart of the kingdom, directly east of Pesth, on the plains lying between the river Theiss and the mountains of Siebenbürgen. The horse-herders of Hungary are noted for their skill in lassoing and taming the wild-horses of the Putzta. What the

Magyar poets have loved to sing in praise of the herdsman's daring and dexterity, Wagner has sought to express in his canvas. He shows the horse-herder in his natural vigour, his picturesque costume, his quaint trappings, and pride in his skill and in his coal-black steed, which he strides with the familiarity of one reared in the saddle. The painting well expresses the subsiding action of a race. The victor exultingly reins up his black racer as he passes

the goal, which is indicated by a sturdy Ungar who flies a tattered blanket from a long pole. The riderless horse suggests a close and dramatic contest, and admirably expresses the running-a-muck style of such a horse in a race. There is much power displayed in the treatment of the crowd and the landscape. The latter is interesting for its peculiarities, but awakens no sympathetic feeling. It has the wild tone and glum, melancholic aspect of the Slavonic nature.

LONDON ART-GOSSIP.



THE Royal Academy has just elected three associate academicians, and the selection of Messrs. P. Graham, Oulers, and Marcus Stone, to fill the positions, is in every way honourable to all concerned, added to which the appointment of these three gentlemen has been received with general satisfaction by the public. Mr. Peter Graham is a landscape-painter of a very high order of merit; in the department of portrait-painting no sounder artist than Mr. Oulers has appeared for many a long day in England; Mr. Marcus Stone stands at the head of his craft as a skilful designer and admirable painter of pieces of historic *genre*. The election, therefore, is precisely of that fair and satisfactory kind which in the profession itself, like other professions by no means free from jealousies and self-assertiveness, meets with general approval, and is accepted as representative, and as conveying a disposition on the part of the Academy to bestow honour where honour is alone due. It seems that no fewer than seventy-eight painters, thirteen sculptors, and nineteen architects, were nominated for election. Of these not the hundredth part had a ghost of a chance of being selected. By a custom of the Academy any painter who considers himself entitled by age and merit to the honour may nominate himself, or at least find some friends who, agreeing with himself that the nomination is desirable, will stand sponsors on a paper application to the Academy. When the evening of election comes every name that has been sent in is handed, on a written list, by the doorkeeper to every academician and associate academician who signs his name in the attendance-book. The president then takes the chair; the names of those of the Academy who are present are called over; and the election proceeds. On the long list of gentlemen and ladies whose claims are before the august assembly each member makes a mark against two names, these being of the artists on whom his selection has fallen. The lists are collected, and taken to the president, who counts the number of votes. The names of the two candidates who have received the greatest number are ascertained, and then affixed to a ballot-box in place of the ordinary "Yes" and "No" which usually indicate the receptacles for the white and black balls. In the Academy election happily none of the latter occasionally useful little toys are dropped into the ballot-box. Each member takes a more honourable white ball, and, passing the president in the order of the calling of his name, drops it into the mouth of the box under that candidate's name whom he would prefer to see stand at the head of the poll.

The balls are counted, and the president then declares upon whom the first selection has fallen. This operation of voting is repeated, until the three to be chosen have been elected, when the news leaks out in some mysterious manner, and is in ten minutes in the mouth of every club-gossip in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street and Pall Mall. The Academy "models" are usually the vehicles of despatch on such occasions, being permitted access to apartments ordinarily sealed against the approach of outside visitors.

The Arts Club, which may be said to represent public opinion in relation to Art-matters here, in London, received the news of the election with great favour, although there were numbers who would have been more than pleased to see the name of Luke Fildes on the list, an artist as popular in his own circle as he is with the general public. It will only be necessary to mention his last charming production, 'Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?' for the reader to be able himself to form a just estimate of the

favouritism exhibited by many members of the Arts Club—a favouritism, by-the-way, to which your correspondent must likewise plead guilty. The election of Mr. Fildes, however, is merely postponed. On the next occasion he will probably be permitted to add A.R.A. to his name, and thus place his foot on the second rung of the ladder which is by-and-by to assist him to the highest honour his profession can bestow. Few English artists of the present will be found more worthy of it.

Through the courtesy of its owner I have been permitted, since I last wrote, to look through a gallery of paintings from which I received more real pleasure than from any private gallery which I can call to mind as having visited in or out of London. David Price, Esq., the gentleman to whom I am beholden for this courtesy, has collected at his residence in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, as rare and priceless a selection of modern paintings by the best English artists as is to be met with, I should say, outside the walls of a public gallery.

It will not be necessary to weary the reader with a lengthy description of the several pictures in the collection-rooms, for the reason that the most of them are the originals in oils of engravings as familiar to the readers of this *Art Journal* as they proved to be to the writer himself. Mr. Price owns, for instance, the original of Alma-Tadema's 'Sculpture-Gallery,' which is displayed to advantage in an anteroom surrounded by pieces from the studios of Faed and Horsley, Ward, Armitage, Frith, Cooper, Poole, and others. In the next room the eye rests upon the well-known portrait of Rosa Bonheur leaning on the neck of the young Highland "rover," painted by herself. This picture overlooks the same artist's celebrated Highland ferry—a flat-bottomed boat with cattle crossing a lake. On the opposite side of the gallery is the original of the more celebrated Claude Duval, dancing on the heath with the young lady whose coach his brother depredators are engaged in robbing. On the same walls are the best of Hook's pictures, contributed during the past six years to the Royal Academy. Mr. Price possesses some fine examples of Clarkson Stansfield's marvellous accuracy in painting sea-pieces, and of Linnell's no less charming power in the department of landscape. The originals of many of E. M. Ward's well-known and oft-engraved historic scenes are here, as well as the, if possible, more familiar but less interesting pictures of Frith. And where the owner has been unable to succeed in procuring the exact original of a well-known picture, he has succeeded in so far enlisting the services of the artist who painted it as to obtain from him the reproduction in small of the original. In this way Mr. Price owns the counterpart by Frith of Frith's well-known and extensively engraved 'Railway-Station.' The gem of the collection, or rather the picture proving most attractive at this particular season, is a grand landscape by Millais, which will be the artist's Academy picture for the present year. The title given to it is 'The Sound of Many Waters,' and the scene depicted is a mountain-torrent at Dunkeld, in Perthshire. The spectator may be supposed to be standing on a rocky ledge at the side of a waterfall which plashes into a burn at his feet. The immediate foreground of the picture is a mass of skilfully-drawn rock dividing one waterfall from another, overrunning from a broad and silent pool, skirted in the distance by an ample grove of fir-trees. In the middle of this pool is a miniature, naturally-formed island of rock, on which grow, in luxuriant, unforced beauty, mosses, and ferns, and heather, and the other charming plants which gladden the eye and perfume the air in breezy, picturesque Scotland. The most

noticeable feature of this superb study is the consummate skill with which the artist has drawn the rocks of the foreground. Their indentations and rough ledges, with the patches of reed, and moss, and earthy deposit, are as admirably conceived and artfully implanted on the picture as if Nature herself had (if one can imagine such a thing) permitted Mr. Millais to borrow of her this particular Perthshire scene, and with fairy touch transform it for his own purposes into oils spread upon canvas for his picture. Excellent, indeed, as this piece of landscape is, it does not seem to strike the imagination with so much vividness as did the 'O'er the Hills and Far Away' of the same artist last year. Possibly we may find a reason for this in the extreme difficulty of imparting reality to restless masses of falling water.

Mr. Millais has certainly, however, in this picture shown himself an artist of rare ability in the treatment of this by no means easily-accomplished task. I am given to understand that £4,000 was the sum paid for this picture by Mr. Price, who purchased it direct from the studio of the artist. It being Mr. Millais's masterpiece for the past year, it will go in due course next April to Burlington House, and no doubt will attract that general attention which the work of Mr. Millais invariably brings, and as invariably deserves. Although for obvious reasons this picture has been selected for special mention in my present letter, it is not to be understood that it is the only piece of painting worthy of particular notice in the excellent gallery of Mr. Price. On the contrary, it contains so many splendid examples of modern English painting that to single out one for special mention and leave the others would be merely to display an utter ignorance of the qualities of artists long since recognised by the public as of the first order in their particular schools. Besides which, as I have already stated, nearly all the pictures in the collection have been engraved, and are possibly, I may venture to hope, as often seen in the dining-rooms of New York people as they are in the dining-rooms of Londoners. It is something to be able to say, with selfish exultation not un-mixed with pleasurable satisfaction, that one has seen and studied the originals. With care and discretion in buying, Mr. Price's collection may become in time as famous as the ever fresh and attractive and exquisitely entertaining Sheepshanks and Vernon collections, which, but two days since, I studied with that infinite delight which is generally born of a first instead of a fiftieth visit to South Kensington.

Reference to South Kensington reminds me, by-the-way, that I ought not to omit mention here of a famous collection of portraits

now on exhibition at the Museum, belonging to and lent by Earl Spencer, which are extremely valuable and interesting from the fact that they were, for the most part, painted by the men whose features they portray so admirably. We may here view the likeness of Jean Antoine Watteau drawn by himself. Antonio Verrio shows us, in his own inimitable style, what manner of man he was. Rembrandt allows us to study his features as he himself had studied them when a mere lad. Sir Peter Lely, prince of portrait-painters, used his skill so well that we have him here, in this collection of Earl Spencer's, reproduced on canvas with such masterly power as no artist save himself could possibly have wielded. Sir Joshua Reynolds leaves the same skilful impression of himself, and Sir Antonio More of himself. And, as if to crown the exceeding wealth of interest belonging to this collection, we read in his own lettering, on a canvas displaying the features of lifelike man absolutely wonderful in intensity of reality, "Bar^{us} Murillo se ipsum depingens pro filiorum votis acprecibus explendis." The fit companions of this magnificent example happened to be Albert Cuyp's likeness of himself and Pedro Van Mol's of himself. But, of all others in the gallery, a painting representing the dark features of Ignatius Loyola, painted by the master-hand of Titian, was perhaps the most thoroughly interesting. A sallow-faced man, with black, scrubby beard and moustache, sunken cheeks, and piercing eyes overshadowed by heavy brows and dark hair, and clad in sombre garb of black velvet, the arch-Jesuit was the very personification in the mind of the man whom history has taught us to associate with the most mischievous teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Such a picture in a public exhibition is obviously a valuable contribution to the literature of history. It enables the student to arrange in his own mind and weigh by the light of a powerful and faithful portrait the facts which he has studied in connection with the influence and growth of the Church during the Middle Ages. No more powerful incentive to thought exists, nor one more helpful and easily applied to the understanding, than a skilfully-painted and faithful portrait of a man whose name and prestige belong to the story of the world. A portrait of Ignatius Loyola by Titian should furnish food for reflection and opportunity for thought long after the painting itself has passed from before the eyes, and has been relegated to the gallery of its owner. The thanks of every student are due to Earl Spencer for allowing so precious a relic to pass even for a time from his possession.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

ART-NOTES FROM PARIS



HE annual spring exhibitions, those *quasi* private ones which are usually held as a sort of preparatory exercise previous to the grand effort of the *Salon*, are now open. The new Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, on the Rue St.-Arnaud, has this year come into competition in this respect with the better-known and longer-established

Cercle des Mirlitons, on the Place Vendôme. The new club has thrown open its spacious *salons* to the public with a display of pictures of unusual extent and interest, many well-known names being represented there, as well as the rising talent of the day.

Jean-Paul Laurens, who so narrowly escaped taking the Médaille d'Honneur at the *Salon* last year with his powerful but unpleasant painting of the 'Disinterment of the Empress Isabella,' is represented by two pictures, one of which, entitled 'Deux Pauvres,' represents two priests seated in a sumptuous antechamber, and apparently awaiting an audience. The colouring of this picture is extremely rich in tone, though dark. The black-robed priests, the crimson velvet of the bench on which they sit, the deep golden tint of the drapery that clothes the walls, the shadows as of coming night, make up a blending of warm though dusky hues. One of the priests, an aged man, with sharp, keen features and spare form, sits watching his turn to enter with eager glance and intent mien; while the other, stout, heavy, and wearied out with waiting, is sunk

in drowsy meditation. The other picture by M. Laurens, a 'Monk at Prayer,' is a mere study, but painted with much breadth and power.

From the fertile yet vigorous pencil of Roybet come two of the most important works in the exhibition. One, entitled 'Le Cabaret,' shows two mysterious gallants engaged in hobnobbing at an inn-table. Behind these personages a martial-looking gentleman, his doublet of gold-yellow brocade most marvellously painted, stands looking on. Roybet's other contribution bears the name 'The Chess-Players.' Perched on either end of a long bench, two cavaliers are engaged in the game. One, a stalwart, dark-haired, jovial-looking gentleman in a plum-coloured velvet doublet and yellow-satin sash, sits erect with a jaunty air, and is evidently having the best of it. His companion, on the contrary, bends forward with a perplexed and anxious look; he is an elderly man with grizzled locks, and wears a soberer garb than does his dashing adversary. Very beautifully and carefully painted is this picture, with great finish of execution, yet with decided boldness of handling. The head of the victorious player in particular is most admirably painted.

Jules Lefebvre has sent a small picture of an 'Italian Peasant Bride,' a delicious little thing in its way, probably a portrait of some pretty young Parisian damsel in the disguise assumed at a fancy-ball. The sweet, girlish face glances on us with peculiar

charm from under the shadow of the flat peasant coiffure. The silk and woollen stuffs of the dress are extremely well painted. A vigorous but small-sized portrait of M. Jules Lavée completes the list of this fine artist's contributions.

Benjamin Constant, who gained a second medal at the *Salon* last year with his large picture of the 'Entry of Mohammed II. into Constantinople,' has here a small but striking painting, entitled 'Un Envoi de Serbie.' On a divan sits a Turkish warrior in an attitude expressive of brutal indifference, while at either end of the couch crouches a nude and terrified girl. One, a blonde, with wide, dilated eyes and dishevelled tresses, is huddled up at the extremity farthest from the spectator. The other, a beautiful brunette, hides her face on the back of the sofa in an attitude of utter and hopeless misery. Her nude and lovely form is relieved against the dark tapestries of the couch, and there is despair visible in every line of the relaxed shoulders and drooping limbs. A certain duskiness of shadow and subdued warmth of colouring make this picture very noticeable. It is a fine work, and more than carries out the promise of M. Constant's *Salon* picture of last year.

Bastien Lepage is an artist of decided talent, as his vigorous portrait of M. Wallon, exhibited in last year's *Salon*, abundantly testified, as do also the portraits of his father and mother, in the present exhibition. But he is a theorist, and his theories are leading him astray. The cold, dull, grey tone that pervades the two portraits now under consideration is positively disagreeable to the eye, and is not altogether atoned for by the very fine and forcible manner wherein the head and hands of the gentleman are painted. The female portrait is altogether displeasing. There is no necessity, even for the most determined of realists, to paint a woman in so unattractive a garb as a long, plain, grey water-proof cloak with a cape, and with her hair parted in the middle, combed back over her ears, and tucked up behind in a round knot with a comb. Such commonplace realism of details simply robs the picture of any grace or attractiveness it might otherwise possess, and makes one regret the union of such really fine execution with such false theories respecting colour and details. There is even a hint of the Manet style of splotchiness in the very dreadful hat that the lady carries.

Lobrichon, whose delightful pictures of child-life are so well known, has sent to this exhibition a curiously-imagined picture, entitled 'The Delights of Capua.' It represents a dessert-table strewn with fruits, with a tower-shaped iced cake in the background, while in the foreground stand bottles and goblets of emerald-hued Bohemian glass. In the centre of the table, stretched out on a large flat dish, lies a naked baby fast asleep. One rosy, dimpled foot is buried in a cluster of dark, rich grapes, while he holds an apple in one tiny hand. The little fellow is most charmingly painted, but he looks too human, too much of a real flesh-and-blood baby, to be surrounded with such accessories. For an idealised mythological infant it is all very well, but one has an uneasy idea that so very human a little sleeper would be apt to catch cold as he slept, or else eat himself into an indigestion on awaking.

Roger Jourdain has sent to this exhibition a 'Study of a Japanese Girl,' and a small picture, entitled 'Amour et Négligence.' The first-named is remarkable for the skill wherewith the difficulties presented by the lady's drapery are overcome. She is dressed in a long, loose robe of white stuff, flowered all over with red blossoms and green leaves and tendrils in an intricate, vine-like pattern, yet so well have its folds and tints been rendered that the effect is neither hard nor glaring. The girl's attitude is easy and graceful as well—on the whole, a well-executed and charming picture. His other contribution represents a little episode of Parisian child-life. The scene is a quiet street, where, on one of those double benches familiar to all Parisian promenaders, sits on the side turned towards the roadway a nurse-maid, oblivious of her little charge, and absorbed in the conversation of a stout soldier. The child, a pretty little creature about two years old, elegant in a white and fur-trimmed coat, is engaged meanwhile on the other side of the bench in making mud-pies. A lady approaches with intent to sit down, but the small pie-maker backs up against the bench with outstretched arms, and a look, half of conscious guilt, half of defiant naughtiness. A well-executed and expressive little scene is this very brightly conceived and rendered picture.

Luminais, whose transcriptions of the life of antique Gaul are

always so popular, has here a well-executed picture of a Gallic warrior on horseback, carrying off a young boy as a captive. The red-bearded victor does not look like a very harsh captor: he has a jolly, laughing face, and holds his naked little prisoner securely in one arm, while guiding his horse with the other hand. The steed is just stepping gingerly into the waters of a shallow stream, and the boy looks uneasily down at the water, a circumstance which has apparently aroused the hilarity of the jolly old soldier, as he looks very much as though he were saying, "Do you think I mean to drop you in?"

Albert Maignan contributes a three-quarter length, life-sized figure of a young girl, clad in a loose mediæval robe of a dusky-blue tint, enriched with sober-hued embroidery. A scarf of green gauze falls loosely around her form, its colour blending with the blue of her dress and the greenish blue of the background. The young girl is dark-haired and dark-eyed; her countenance is serious and meditative. She holds in her hands a quaintly-fashioned urn or *ampulla*, shaped and enamelled in the likeness of an eagle. This accessory gives the title to the picture, which is called 'The Eagle of St. John's.' The management of the blended shades of blue and green in the draperies and the background is extremely well executed, the colours harmonizing perfectly.

Jules Garnier has sent an unfinished work, probably intended for the coming *Salon*. It represents an episode in the life of St. Firmin, that holy man being engaged in administering the rite of baptism by immersion in the cathedral of Amiens, an incident the memory of which is preserved in a bas-relief of the period still extant in the cathedral itself. Less spirited in conception and amusing in detail than was this artist's 'Punition des Adultères' in the *Salon* of last year, there is a great advance visible in the execution. The nude and lovely form of the young girl on whose head the saint is in the act of pouring the baptismal water is painted with a skill recalling the best efforts of Jules Lefebvre, and, like that great painter's studies of the nude, without uncleanness or suggestiveness. The young recipient of the rite stands erect in a shallow basin of hollowed stone, her hands crossed on her breast, and her rich, dark tresses flowing over her shoulders. In the foreground, with her back turned to the spectator, kneels an aged woman, presumably her mother, wearing a white coif and close-fitting stuff gown. Priests and acolytes look on in pious absorption, while in the background may be seen a throng of aspirants awaiting their turn. Painted with a firm and vigorous hand, and with great richness of colour, this picture will probably win for its creator another recompense from the judges of the *Salon*.

Veyrassat is represented here by two of his admirable studies of horses, entitled respectively 'A Relay on the Towing-Path' and 'Horses by the River.' In both are shown his usual marvellous qualities of depicting river-scenery, as well as of putting on canvas the sturdy, patient draught-horse of Normandy or Flanders. The glassy water in the first-named picture, mirroring the bank and the gold-tinged evening sky with a solitary bird skimming over its surface, just touching the water in its flight, is most exquisitely painted, as are also the patient figures of the waiting horses, the evening light shining on their dappled sides. It is such pictures as these that force the poor in pocket to long for the wealth of an Astor or a Stewart.

From the dainty pencil of Worms we have a single small picture, painted with his usual skilful and delicate touch. It represents a narrow street, stretching away in long perspective, while in the foreground stands a sturdy fellow in raiment gay with crimson and blue, grinding away at a hurdy-gurdy and singing with all his might. 'A Serenade' is the title of this bright little picture. Adrien Moreau sends also a single figure, a gentleman of the days of Louis XIII., very excellent in execution and careful in finish. Evidently, the medal that he gained last year at the *Salon* was not ill-bestowed. Another of last year's medal-winners, M. Ferdinand Lematte, gives us a strong and spirited work in his 'Eurydice stung by a Serpent.' She lies fainting on the ground, her outstretched arm reversed in a position which, though natural, is extremely difficult to represent in a truthful manner. The difficulty has been skilfully overcome, to the great credit of the painter, the attitude of the figure being highly suggestive of a sudden swoon. The dark-blue draperies are well adapted to relieve the flesh-tints of the fair sufferer.

It is not an easy matter to conjure with the wand of even a dead magician, and the sprites that guided the delicate pencil of Hamon are apt not to come when they are called, leaving the luckless conjurer to coldness, vagueness, and the commonplace. Such is not wholly the case, however, with M. Hector Leroux in his 'Broken Pitcher.' His fair damsel of ancient Greece or Rome, in her flowing white draperies, with her shattered *amphora* in her hand, is graceful and pleasing, though the colouring of his picture is somewhat too vague and shadowy; still the painting shows a refinement and grace that may well excuse the absence of warmth of colour.

Taken altogether, the exhibition we have just had under consideration may be held to represent fairly the rising talent of France. Though many celebrated names are to be found in the catalogue, the most interesting examples are from the pencils of those young artists who have just commenced to shape for themselves a reputation and a career—the medal-winners and the gainers of "honourable mention" at last year's *Salon*, for instance.

The sale of Jules Janin's pictures, few in number though they were, attracted a dense crowd. The really valuable works brought comparatively moderate prices, while many paintings which were wholly worthless from an artistic point of view were eagerly purchased as *souvenirs* of the great critic's career. A glorious flower-piece, a long, narrow panel by Diaz, representing roses and honeysuckles aglow with the richness of summer sunshine, sold for \$410.

A singularly fine Daubigny, of small size but in his best manner, brought \$300. Ary Scheffer's 'Muse,' a sketch of a female head, was knocked down at \$60. The large painting by Geffroy, representing the artists of the Comédie Française some twenty-five years ago, a work poor in execution but interesting on account of its associations and the portraits it contained, went for \$200. Two flower-pieces on glass, by Diaz, one of which was badly cracked, sold for \$300, as did also a pair of water-colour drawings by the same master, representing groups of ladies and cavaliers in a park. A small-sized Corot, an effect of misty, early morning light, also brought \$300. The water-colour drawings, pencil-sketches, &c., brought extremely high prices.

We are promised shortly an exhibition of the collected works of Diaz and of Fromentin, like those of Corot and of Barye. It is to be held in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Our American artists are hard at work preparing for the coming *Salon*. Stephen H. Parker sends a portrait of Madame Emilie Broisat, of the Comédie Française, as well as one of Mrs. William Parker. Bridgman contributes an Egyptian scene, Dubois a view on the Hudson, Knight his large and ably-executed picture of the 'Water-Carriers,' on which he has been at work for some months past. Baird, of Chicago, sends one of his characteristic little groups of chickens. George Bowlend has just completed two spirited water-colour drawings, very beautiful in colour and fanciful in design, representing two scenes of fairy-life.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

NOTES.

ART IN PHILADELPHIA.—There is no mistaking the interest the Philadelphians have taken in both departments of the Loan Exhibition. The names of prominent artists and pictures are on everybody's tongue, and the comparative merits of Boldini and Fortuny, of Merle, and Madrazo, are discussed with much zest. In every family and every *conversazione* there are voluble admirers of the sun-illuminated canvases of the two former, while the shadowy school of which Corot, Millet, and Jules Breton, are the representatives to the collection, is not without its enthusiastic upholders. But just at present the interest of connoisseurs centres chiefly in the statue of Hypatia, modelled some time ago by Mr. Howard Roberts, and now finished in marble, and placed on exhibition at Earle's Gallery. It represents Hypatia turning upon the altar-steps to face her fanatic pursuers. It is a statue that would attract attention anywhere, both by the vigour of its action and by the skill of the modelling, and certainly nothing more worthy of attention has lately been produced here. Mr. Roberts is one of the most careful and conscientious of young American sculptors, and one of the best trained. All his work shows very thoughtful study and real knowledge gained by patient endeavour. But it is Mr. Roberts's misfortune, and to some degree his fault, that his desire to think for himself has led him to disregard what we must consider a primary condition of success—the choice of subjects which can be expressed in sculpture. For instance, there was his 'La Première Pose,' which was one of the three works of American sculpture that were medalled by the jury of award at the Centennial Exhibition. The figure of the young model shrinking from the exposure of her person was inferior to only a few of the best figures there as a piece of intelligent and skilful modelling; but it did not appeal to the spectator, simply because he did not understand it, for it did not tell its story. Its interest was in the expression of an emotion, and sculpture does not deal with emotion except in the broadest way. In making a statue of Hypatia he has avoided this error, but he has fallen into one very similar. The subject is dramatic enough, and there is no lack of action in the figure; but only those who are familiar with Hypatia's tragic history could understand it. A work of art, and most of all a work of sculpture, ought to tell its own story, or else to embody a story or an idea that is familiar to the mass of those who are to look at it. However, if we can assume that the world is familiar with the history of the fair young Neo-Platonist of Alexandria, we need not quarrel with Mr. Roberts for the choice of a subject that has enabled him to display so much thought and artistic skill. The conception of the figure, though slightly theatrical, is the artist's own, and he has embodied it in much strength and purity of character, as well as a great deal of dramatic action. Hypatia, pursued by the fanatical mob, seeks sanctuary before the altar, and, as she turns upon the

steps, with the weight of her body thrown far backward, she grasps a great candelabrum for support, and, with the right hand gathering up her loosened robes, looks out with a pained but calm expectancy. It is a picturesque rather than a statuesque theme, and the attitude strikes one at first as exaggerated; but it has evidently been carefully studied, and what we should feel as a want of repose is atoned for by the real dignity of the figure, which is modelled with admirable knowledge and with entire purity of purpose. Mr. Roberts is now putting into marble a statuette called 'Lot's Wife,' which has been much admired as it appears in the plaster model.

THE LENOX GALLERY.—The Art-Gallery of the Lenox Library, recently opened to the public, is a valuable addition to the æsthetic attractions of New York, and will prove to be a permanent benefit and source of profit to Art-students. The corridor of the picture-gallery contains a number of statues and busts by Crawford, Gibson, Powers, Pampeloni, Rauch, Pozzi, Spence, and Sir John Steele, who is represented by two noble busts of Chalmers and Sir Walter Scott. Crawford's 'Children in the Wood,' and Spence's 'Highland Mary,' both executed to order for Mr. Lenox in Rome, are interesting and attractive examples of those artists. The pictures are well hung in the finest apartment as yet dedicated to Art in this city. Among the foreign artists represented are Constable, Calcott, Delaroche, Gainsborough, Escosura, Landseer, Morland, Mulready, Nasmyth, Newton, Ruysdael, Reynolds, Turner, Vernet, Webster, and Sir David Wilkie. American Art is also well represented by Bierstadt, Church, Copley, Durand, Inman, Leslie, Huntington, Jarvis, Peale, Stuart, Vanderlyn, and others. The most important of the 136 pictures painted by the above-mentioned masters are the three Reynoldses. The full-length of Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia is a noble example of Sir Joshua. The same may be said of the portrait of Miss Kitty Fisher, but, unfortunately, it is somewhat faded. Of equal importance are the two Turners. No. 32, representing a scene on the French coast, with an English ship-of-war stranded, is a superb picture, while 'Fingal's Cave' is still finer. It is fully described and highly praised in the memoirs of the artist Leslie, who purchased it for Mr. Lenox from Turner. The examples of Constable and Gainsborough, and of Delaroche and Vernet, are the best we have seen in this country. Possibly we should except the noble figure of Napoleon by Delaroche in the collection of M. O. Roberts, of New York. Both the Copleys are good, particularly the portrait of Lady Wentworth; and there are several valuable Stuarts, including one of his four full-length pictures of Washington, and a characteristic unfinished portrait of Mrs. Robert Morris. There are two well-executed pictures of Robert Lenox—father of the founder of the gallery—by Trumbull and Jarvis; also

two portraits of James Lenox, by Sir Francis Grant, No. 66, and No. 116, by G. P. A. Healy. The 'Dull Lecture,' of Stuart Newton, is an admirable picture, and we could wish that Leslie's 'Master Slender and Anne Page,' or his 'Widow Watman,' were hanging by its side rather than the sacred subjects by which he is misrepresented. Leslie's strength lay in "genteel comedy." The Morland is a fine picture, and the sketches by Sir David Wilkie and Sir Edwin Landseer, although slight affairs, are interesting as *souvenirs* of those masters. If we were disposed to criticise the collection as a whole, we should say that there were a number of small and unimportant pictures that should be excluded, and their places filled with larger and better examples of many of the artists, which could easily be obtained with the means at the disposal of the generous founder of this noble institution. The Lenox Library, we may add, is situated on Fifth Avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets, and is easily reached by the Fourth and Madison Avenue cars; and tickets of admission may be obtained on application, by mail, to Mr. Moore, the librarian. The gallery is for the present open only on Mondays and Thursdays, from 11 A.M. until 4 P.M.

ART IN BOSTON.—The pride of Boston lovers of Art in the new Art Museum is growing, and the almost constant accessions to its treasures are fast making it an Art-resort to be proud of. As yet but a portion of the edifice has been completed; and this portion must ere long become so fully occupied as to render the speedy construction of the rest imperative. The trustees of the museum have thrown it open free to the public on Sundays from 1 to 5 P.M., which policy can scarcely fail to make it a popular and favourite place of resort to the class which it will, perhaps, most benefit—the class which is absorbed by long days' labours during the week. Among the most important recent accessions to the museum is a fine collection of casts of masterpieces of antique sculpture, which is to be used both for exhibition and as models for the students in the new school of Art. This collection comprises casts of both Egyptian and Greek sculptures, and is arranged in chronological order. It includes copies of the Egina marbles, historical Egyptian groups, the conflict for the body of Patroclus, the prehistoric lions of Mycenæ, the Dresden Pallas, slabs from the frieze of the Parthenon, and many others not otherwise easily accessible to students of Art; besides embracing a large number of more famous and familiar subjects, such as the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, the Louvre Diana, the Barberini Faun, the Laocoon, and the 'Dying Gladiator.' There are many friezes, Greek vases, and bas-reliefs; and one of the most striking casts in the collection is that of Michael Angelo's 'Day and Night.' Among other valuable additions to the museum are some fine steel armour, and a collection of modern marbles, in which are comprised Crawford's 'Hebe and Ganymede,' 'Orpheus,' and busts of Sumner in his younger days, Miss Hosmer's 'Will o' the Wisp,' Greenough's 'Carthaginian Girl,' and Monteverde's 'First Inspirations of Columbus.' The collection of Egyptian antiquities given to the museum by Mr. Granville Way has been arranged, and presents an entertaining variety of mummies, scarabei, amulets, vases, sepulchral figures, and stamped coins, the latter portraying arts, manners, and customs, of the ancient Egyptians. There are also fragments of manuscript, terra-cotta lamps, coins, rings, and other ornaments. . . . There has been a constant succession of picture exhibitions during the mid-winter season at the various galleries, mostly of local artists, who have taken this mode of showing the public the results of several months' work. Mr. De Blois has thus exhibited a collection of eighty-five canvases, all taken in his marked and forcible style from Nature. Mr. Frank Hill Smith has displayed a versatile collection of forty pictures, many of them executed with decided delicacy and good taste. Mr. Duveneck has put on exhibition a picture which has attracted much attention, the outcome of recent Munich studies, called 'The Turkish Page.' Despite the hard times, Boston artists are working with an assiduity and producing with a rapidity which indicate a hopeful anticipation of better times to come.

DEATH OF JOEL T. HART, THE SCULPTOR.—Joel T. Hart, the American sculptor, who has practised his profession for many years in Italy, died in Florence, on the 2nd day of March. Mr. Hart was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in the year 1810. His parents were poor, and consequently his early education was neglected. When a mere boy he was forced to earn his subsistence by rough mason-work, and what learning he acquired was obtained from study by the light of the log-fire at night. When in his twentieth year he began work as a stone-cutter in Lexington, in his native State, and soon after began to model in clay. He made at this time several likenesses of influential Kentuckians, and acquired considerable renown, so great, in fact, that his services were sought in all parts of the West. His bust of General

Jackson, executed about this time, was very popular. In 1844, or about that time, he received a commission to execute a statue of Henry Clay, and two years later he began his studies for the work from life. It took him three years to finish his model, which he sent to Italy, and followed it, as he supposed, to Florence in the fall of 1849. After waiting a year for his model, he learned, to his dismay, that the ship in which it had been forwarded was lost on the passage. After this disaster Mr. Hart was forced to await for many months the arrival of the duplicate of the statue from Kentucky. The statue was finally finished, but it was not unveiled at Louisville until May 30, 1867, more than twenty years after the order was given. During these twenty years Hart's chisel was not idle, and in the interval he executed many portrait busts and ideal statues, and also received an order from the city of New Orleans for a *replica* of the Clay statue. One of Mr. Hart's most famous works is the group called 'Woman Triumphant,' the figures of which are exceedingly graceful and refined. His figures of children are also charmingly executed. Another pretty ideal is his 'Il Penseroso.' Many of his best works are owned in England. His best-known busts are those of President Taylor, Governor Crittenden, and Robert Wickliffe. The last great work of his busy life was a group, which is popularly known as 'Charity,' but was called by himself 'Purity.' In a private letter written last winter to a friend in Lexington, Kentucky, he said: "The group, my life-work, is finished and beautifully cast in plaster of Paris. I put the Cupid at his place to-day, reaching up for the last arrow that the statue—'Purity,' shall I call it?—holds up out of his reach, for which he is tiptoeing. My instrument will copy it exactly and '*ad infinitum*.' I have devoted to this work eleven years and six months." Mr. Hart was a fine specimen of a Kentuckian. He was tall and robust in person, and kind and generous to a fault. He had lived for many years in Florence, where he was greatly beloved.

DEATH OF ROBERT WYLIE.—Robert Wylie, one of the most brilliant members of the American colony of artists living in Paris, died at Pont Aven, in Brittany, on the 14th day of February. Mr. Wylie was born in the Isle of Man, but his parents emigrated to the United States when he was very young, and settled in Philadelphia. He began his Art-career as a student in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and as a carver in ivory. He soon abandoned ivory-carving and turned his attention to painting, and in 1865, or about that time, he went to Europe to continue his Art-studies. On his arrival in Paris he pursued his studies with great assiduity, and soon achieved success as a painter of *genre* subjects. In 1869 he sent to the *Salon* a picture entitled 'Reading the Letter from the Bridegroom,' and from that time he has been a constant exhibitor. In 1872 he sent to the *Salon* his famous picture of 'A Breton Fortune-Teller,' and was awarded a medal. The Messrs. Goupil, of Paris, about this time made a contract with him to take all of his pictures; hence very few of his works have been sent to this country. At the breaking out of the Franco-German War, he went to Pont Aven, and made that place his home until his death. Nearly all of his pictures represent the peasant-women and rustic scenes in the neighbourhood of Pont Aven, and there is a truthfulness shown in them which is in the highest degree interesting. He was a man of unexceptionable moral character, kind to his fellow-students, and respected and admired by both French and American artists. He was about forty years of age, and never married.

ART IN CHICAGO.—The first of a series of Art receptions and exhibitions given by the artists of Chicago took place under the auspices of the Academy of Design in that city on Tuesday evening, February 13th. The display of paintings comprised many works by local artists, as well as those of Philadelphia and New York. . . . Mr. Schwerdt has recently painted a picture of a pretty woman in a reclining attitude, which is highly commended for its boldness of design and strong treatment by the connoisseurs who have been permitted to see it. Mrs. Wilkens, the landscape-painter, who has made a large collection of studies in the mountain-regions of Pennsylvania, and has a studio in the Chicago Academy of Design, has finished a 'Wood Interior in the Alleghany Mountains.' Another picture represents a scene on the Wissahickon, with the tree-foliage tinted with autumn colours. Mr. Katz's latest picture represents a rolling meadow, the pasture for sheep, with a picturesque white-oak tree raising its branches to the sky. It is one of those landscapes which contain nothing very remarkable as to subject or to treatment, and yet are creditable to the artist and pleasing to the spectator. It is an out-door study, full of daylight, true in tone, quiet in sentiment. Brand, Hall, and Saunders, are painting portraits. Pine, the portrait-painter, who was stricken with paralysis in Colorado last summer, has so far recovered as to reach his home at the East. Volk, the sculptor, is engaged upon a design for a memorial monument.

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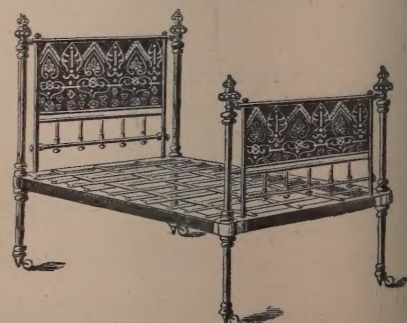
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